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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

MR. CHURCHILL, frightened by the onslaught on the boundless extravagance of his estimates, has given some very slight and conditional pledges of economy. The charge for the Air Service is to be reduced to 25 millions, only four millions short of the pre-war Army estimates. There was no specific pledge of reductions for the Army, save in the case of the force on the Rhine, and Mr. Churchill estimates that from 65 to 75 millions will be wanted merely to keep it up to its strength in 1914. Meanwhile, the armies and the occupations, which are the fount of expenditure, go on. Since the Armistice we have squandered nearly 70 millions on the Russian expeditions. There are 100,000 men in Mesopotamia, where "military methods" are to be maintained, only on a new principle. The "Times" warns the country, as THE NATION has warned it over and over again, that Mr. Churchill is playing with loose ideas of an impossible Arab State under our tutelage. Neither for the 90,000 troops retained in Palestine and Egypt, nor for the 60,000 soldiers who hold down Ireland, nor for the Indian Army, was there any promise of reduction. How can there be, when policy forbids a change, even when the national life depends on it?

WHETHER the Western Allies will succeed in imposing their discipline upon Roumania is a question still in suspense. On it depends not merely the future authority of the Big Four as the leaders of a closely-knit alliance, but also the prestige of the League of Nations itself. The League and the Alliance ought not to be identical, but in point of fact the League starts at least with such prestige as the Big Four possess and with no more. There are three main tests of the ability of Paris to control this Eastern situation. First, Roumania has occupied Budapest contrary to express orders. Will she clear out? Second, she has served upon Hungary a grotesquely predatory ultimatum, in which she demanded, among other things, 50 per cent. of her rolling stock, 30 per cent. of her live stock and agricultural machinery, and 45,000 waggons of cereals. Can she be made to withdraw these demands? That will not be

easy, for in default of the voluntary surrender of a third of her capital wealth by Hungary, the Roumanian Army, which has now over-run the whole country, is proceeding to help itself. It can do it as it pleases. Belated news which now explains the sudden collapse of Bela Kun's Red Army states that it was outnumbered by two to one, not to mention the help of French generalship and supplies to the victors.

THE third test is more difficult. The Roumanians, when they occupied Budapest, allowed the "White" Hungarians to get together the police of the old régime, with which they arrested the Agoston-Peide Ministry, recognized by the Allies, and set up the Archduke Joseph as dictator. There is no doubt that the local representatives of the Allies had nothing whatever to do with this coup. The Archduke, as Mr. Noel Buxton, who was on the spot, puts it, was the "creature of the Roumanians." The Roumanians then began to hunt down all adherents of the Soviet Government, and Mr. Buxton states that 300 were killed in the first hunt. Mr. Segrue, of the "Daily News," has described how a Roumanian officer admittedly shot eleven men "because they looked like Bolsheviks." The Archduke, who has got together the "Whitest" of all possible Ministries, is obliged to keep up a sort of stage quarrel with the invaders, but he depends solely on them. Even the "Times" admits that there is no popular demand for a return to Hapsburg rule. The Allies have not yet "recognized" the Archduke, but neither have they ordered him to stand down. They have, however, sent a very stiff note to the Roumanians, which states that their presence in Budapest is unauthorized, charges them with pillage and numerous outrages and with slighting the Allied Generals, and winds up with warning them that such action means that they are separating themselves from the Allies.

THE Roumanians would hardly have dared to act in this way without some support. It is significant that the French Press as a whole sympathizes with them. General Foch has in fact controlled the whole campaign against Soviet Hungary. Moreover, French plans for restoring the Hapsburgs not only in Hungary but in Austria also, have for long been openly discussed. We may be sure that British and American policy had nothing to do with this development, but will it insist on a reversal of what has been done? All accounts go to show that the Archduke could not maintain himself if the Roumanians should withdraw. No attention need be paid to his promises (much in Koltchak's key) to hold elections and summon a Constituent Assembly. The old régime in Hungary understands the art of "making" elections, and in any event under a reign of terror how could the advanced parties work or vote freely?

MR. HOOVER has issued the most pessimistic of his many warnings as to the terrible condition of Europe. About fifteen million families are living on unemployed allowances, provided by printing paper money. About 100 millions of the European population are dependent on supplies of food from the Western Hemisphere. America is sending this food on credit. That cannot go on much longer. America could not go on producing enough, and credit implies that Europe will sooner or

later pay in goods. Europe is drifting into "economic slavery" to the Western Hemisphere, and of that "the ultimate end" must be war. There is no cure for this state of things save an immense enhancement of production in Europe. There is, Mr. Hoover thinks, everywhere a relaxation of effort, due partly to underfeeding, partly to the demoralization of war, and partly to political unrest and little wars. He bitterly blames the continuance of the blockade during the armistice for the delay in the resumption of normal production. His moral is simply "work," and his warning is that if we all delay much longer, there will be still deeper "chaos," and an "unexampled loss of life." His prescription is purely individualistic: restart the competitive motive, make an end of controls: rely on the stimulus of gain. One may dispute over this *laissez-faire* conclusion, for the trouble largely is that workmen will no longer work their hardest behind a profit-making system. The diagnosis of Europe's disease is, however, as sound as it is authoritative.

THE military news is this week distinctly worse for Soviet Russia. The Poles, who have hitherto been more interested in consolidating their conquests in Eastern Galicia, have pushed forward on their northern front, and have taken the important town of Minsk from the Bolsheviks. Although Judenitch, before Petrograd, is still helpless, the Bolsheviks appear to have provoked the Estonians into renewed hostility, after they had practically refused any longer to fight on the side of the Russian "Whites." Denikin continues to advance on both his flanks. He is nearing Odessa on the West, and is cutting its communications—though how much this matters it is hard to judge, for Odessa was held by the revolted Soviet General Grigorieff, who has lately been murdered. It is no use as a port to the Bolsheviks, for of course it is blockaded. But it looks doubtful whether the Bolsheviks can hold much of the Ukraine and its grain region. On his right Denikin claims a big victory over well-organized Soviet forces at Kamyshin, with 11,000 prisoners, but the later Bolshevik news states (with no detail) that fighting is proceeding here favorably. Denikin's cavalry has got into touch with the Ural Cossacks, who cover Koltchak's Left Wing, but this front is too loose to make this junction of much importance. On the other hand, Koltchak steadily retreats, and we should guess that Moscow is aiming chiefly at the recovery of the rich grain area of Western Siberia as a compensation for losses in the South and West. The balance, however, seems to go against the Reds.

THERE is every prospect that the Yorkshire coal strike will be quickly ended. The Council of the Yorkshire Association, realizing at last that their piece rate claims could not be secured, and that the only alternative to an unconditional return to work was a struggle which must end in failure after a ruinous expenditure of strike funds, advised their members to resume work. This decision followed an abortive conference in London at which the Government representatives intimated firmly that the agreement arrived at with the Miners' Federation could not be departed from. The officials of the Federation were of course bound to support the Government. The local leaders who were responsible for the initiation of the strike could hardly have done a greater disservice to their people. They struck precipitately and maintained their independence aggressively when loyalty to the National Federation and uniformity of action throughout all the coalfields were the essentials of sound policy. The desperate attempt to force a

settlement by abandoning the mines to the risk of destruction enabled the Government to exploit the whole coal situation at the expense of the miners. Will the workers generally heed the lesson of the futility of sectional action?

THE sudden collapse of the movement for direct action was inevitable when it became plain that the only result of pressing the campaign to the point of taking the ballot vote would be to reveal such a deep cleavage of opinion in the ranks of the unions affiliated to the Triple Alliance as would bring the whole matter to a humiliating end. The Government's counter-measures, in the form of the issue of a daily penny dreadful from Scotland Yard, simply evoked ridicule. What really turned the scale was the bold stand taken by those trade-union leaders who still believe that Parliament can be made a real instrument of democratic government. Apart from that, the campaign became unreal from the moment when, in effect, the Government went halfway to meet it. The agitation had made the Government, and particularly Mr. Churchill, feel that the country would not tolerate the expansion or the continuance of the Russian campaigns, or the permanent conscription which would have followed from necessity. But this end could have been achieved by a well-organized constitutional campaign without the risk of splitting Labor from top to bottom. The refusal of Labor to endorse direct action, when constitutionalism was clearly the weapon, is a thoroughly encouraging event. But it is also a warning one.

ILL-CONTRIVED and ill-drafted, the Bill to check Profiteering was ill defended by its author, Sir Auckland Geddes, in the House of Commons. Challenged to define profiteering, he produced a sham definition in which everything turns upon the term "unreasonable profit." To set up local committees of fellow-tradesmen to investigate secret charges of this crime against retail shopkeepers is unjust and ridiculous. Excessive profit cannot really be brought home by an examination of specific cases where goods are sold at a much higher price than they were bought at. Sir Auckland really admitted this by insisting that "all the circumstances" should be taken into account, and by accepting an amendment making the charge turn upon enhanced profit on a business as a whole. But he thus set his committees a task which they are utterly unqualified by time and knowledge to perform. Mr. Clynes, in an effective speech, exposed the trickery of thus setting the public mind against the little profiteers in order to screen the great contractors, manufacturers, and merchants who have been piling up war profits and have continued their malpractices in time of peace. Mr. McCurdy made an audacious attempt to represent the measure as directed against trusts and combinations, an absurd contention in face of the provision limiting the operation of the Act to six months. Everybody sees through the dodge.

THE week has brought what appears to be a marked recovery of Mr. Wilson's position in Congress and the country. This is due chiefly to the skill with which he met the railway and general industrial crisis and swung the vast popular indignation over high prices. Without declaring himself on the subject of railway nationalization, the President urged the renewal of negotiations upon wages, gaining the support of the business interests by warning Labor that "no remedy is possible while men are in a temper," and consequently no discussion of wages can be held while men are striking. America, for all its subservience to Big Business, applauds every successive assault upon the monopolies. Fortified by the

sensational revelations of the Federal Trade Commission, the President has sanctioned the prosecution of the five great meat-packing houses, and has outlined to Congress a drastic policy in regard to profiteering, including the extension of the Food Control Act, strict penalties, and the regulation of prices in inter-State trade.

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THE "New Republic" relates a singular and, to our thinking, probable story from Paris. It is that an agreement has been reached between Britain, France, and Japan to divide Asia between themselves into recognized "spheres," in which each will have the usual monopoly of concessions and political influence. Our sphere includes all Persia, Tibet, the Chinese province of Szechuen, the Hinterland of Canton, Western Siam, Arabia, and, of course, our possessions. France has Indo-China, Eastern Siam, and the two Chinese provinces of Yunnan and Kwangsi. To Japan goes the big share—Eastern Siberia (which she now occupies) and all China except the regions assigned to Britain and France. This story fits all that we know about the secret deal over Shantung. There may be a reference to it in Article 21 of the League of Nations Covenant, which sanctifies "regional understandings like the Monroe doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace." What other "regional understandings" are there? Who invented the phrase, which is not an item in Mr. Wilson's vocabulary? Did M. Pichon foist it on him, when he asked for the consecration of the Monroe Doctrine, with a much more imperialist bargain in mind?

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THE news coming from Budapest about the alleged atrocities of Bela Kun may be dismissed as untrue, until we have better evidence than alleged confessions extracted from prisoners by the Hungarian police of the old *régime*. Travellers have been unanimous in declaring that while Bela Kun maintained a very strict and even oppressive dictatorship, he refrained from killing. That was Mr. Brailsford's evidence in April, and later statements to the same effect have been made by Mr. Wedgwood and Mr. Segrue, of the "Daily News." In April, the most hostile of the Budapest bourgeoisie confirmed the public statements of the Communist Commissioners that none of the arrested suspects had been executed. The story of 500 secret executions is surely nonsense. Of what use would secret executions—so secret that no rumor of them leaked out—be to a terrorist Government? If one means to terrorize, one must make an "example" of one's victims. At least the story of secret killings must run from mouth to ear among the terrified people. No such stories were current even in the most hostile circles. Such alleged "confessions" were the regular stock-in-trade of the Hungarian police before the war. If one believes that evidence against Communists, one must also believe the far more circumstantial stories from the same quarter of Serbian official complicity in the Serajevo and other similar murders.

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WE may assume that Andrew Carnegie will have no successors of his own order, for it is inconceivable that the world of to-morrow will permit the concentration of private wealth upon so colossal a scale. Carnegie, a boy of twelve when his parents emigrated from Dunfermline, rose at first rather slowly. He was thirty-eight when he found himself able to invest £50,000 in his new steel company. A quarter of a century later, when it was merged in the United States Steel Corporation, about half the 90 millions sterling of its capital was represented by the founder's personal share. Before the close of the century Carnegie had become a legend. The world was fascinated by the contradiction of a quiet little

old gentleman directing the great Homestead works, on a purely capitalistic system (though the charge of personal ruthlessness was always denied by him), and a man of unbounded wealth preaching the blessings of poverty and unloading his millions so as not to die disgraced. Donations and trust funds amounting to some £70,000,000 hardly carried him far towards the fulfilment of his own gospel. But Carnegie was perhaps the first of the millionaires to recognize his wealth as a trust, which had to go back to the people, as it came from them. Unfortunately, the people were more interested in how he made his millions than in how he made away with them. The agreeable side of Carnegie was seen in the hospitality of Skibo Castle and in his friendships, which were exceptional. He was almost the only multi-millionaire with a gift of humor and personality. His sayings were current coin, and the books in which he expounded his religion of material well-being and absolute individualism were written with vigor and a certain pungency of phrase.

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Among the more interesting results of the American Senate's inquisition into the secret doings at Paris, is the publication of the original American Draft of Article X. of the Covenant of the League. As it stands this Article commits the League to defend the territorial integrity of all its members, and therefore, as its critics urge, sanctions the worst violations of nationality in the Treaty of Peace. As it stood in Mr. Wilson's Draft, that interpretation was ruled out, for it contained a long and elaborate statement, that "such territorial readjustments . . . as may . . . become necessary by reason of changes in the present racial conditions and aspirations . . . pursuant to the principle of self-determination, and also such territorial readjustments as may in the judgment of three-fourths of the delegates be demanded by the welfare . . . of the people concerned, may be effected" . . . In other words Mr. Wilson wished to make the self-determination of the people concerned, and the opinion of the League, by a majority, the decisive principles as to territory. He failed, and had to accept an unqualified legitimist view of the sanctity of the *status quo*. We are only now learning in detail how complete was his defeat.

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A most sinister admission has been made by Mr. Shortt (in reply to a statement of Mr. Thomas) that the man Watson, now actually in prison for a seditious speech, was an agent of the Government. This man, known for his violent utterances, was in the habit of following Mr. Thomas about and denouncing him for not being revolutionary enough. The Home Secretary confessed that he gave information to the Government and was paid for it. Mr. Shortt seemed to think it justification enough to add that the engagement with him was on the piece-rate system, and not a whole-time employment. Thus we come straight back to the days of Peterloo, the most debased period in the history of British government since modern industry was born. Under that system a man may incite to crime, and then be used as an agent in punishing the offence which he has helped to make. This was the rôle of the man Gordon, who was spirited away a year or two ago, after a career as an *agent provocateur* in "advanced" Labor circles. Now the work seems extended to the discrediting of moderates like Mr. Thomas. Mr. Shortt says that Watson was not hired for this particular job. But he declined to say whether other such creatures were at large, and in the Government's pay. We hope the Labor Party in the House will not rest until this diabolical thing has been exposed and uprooted.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE VANDALS.

THE Allied world was considerably shocked by the fantastic ultimatum which Roumania delivered last week to Hungary. The document must be nearly unique in the history of what it is still customary to describe as "civilized warfare." After occupying Budapest, the Roumanians demanded a ransom; the price of their evacuation was to be the delivery in kind of one-third of Hungary's capital wealth in machinery, livestock, railway material, and river barges. There is something naïvely and crudely predatory about this performance. The nice critics of these operations would probably have felt less disturbed if Roumania had called for a promise to pay a much larger sum than these things may be worth, in annual instalments for a number of years. We seem, however, to have gone back to the prehistoric raid, if a Roumanian army can walk to Budapest, and then as the fruit of a few days' exertions, walk home again laden with machinery and driving the flocks of the beaten Magyars before it. This is warfare in the Pathan style, warfare as the Vandals may have waged it. An odious and barbaric spectacle acquires an aspect of comedy, when one recollects that this Roumanian army had marched out against a Communist Republic in order to vindicate the sanctity of property.

We should misunderstand the age in which we live, however, if we were to assume that this Roumanian procedure was unpopular in Paris because its authoritative circles disapprove on ethical grounds of the predatory conduct of warfare. Their point was rather that Roumania on her own account is fleecing a victim which ought to be sheared for the general advantage. Hungary has more than one neighbor, and in these days neighbors have more claims than duties. The Tchechs, for example, at the end of the Karolyi period, demanded the whole of the Hungarian river mercantile fleet, and a British admiral countersigned their claim in a despatch which began with the words "J'ordonne." The Serbs could doubtless find a use for much agricultural machinery, and locomotives never come amiss. Moreover, when in due course the nominees of the Archduke Joseph make their trip to Paris to learn the true interpretation of the Fourteen Points, they will presumably be saddled in due form with an indemnity payable over the next thirty years. Their ability to pay will plainly be reduced, if the Roumanians have taken the third of all their flocks and herds.

For our part we are not so deeply shocked by the barbarity of this Roumanian raid as we are by the elaborate civilization of the dealings of the Big Four with Austria. The raiding savage has a somewhat limited imagination. He takes what he sees lying about, and when he has banged the door behind him, you are done with him. He is like a thief who takes the cash in the till, but leaves the title-deeds. It wants some understanding of modern economics and finance to carry out these operations effectively. The Magyars would probably be well content to pay the Roumanian ransom, if they might thereby escape the further attentions of Paris. Flocks and herds have a way of multiplying, and even if one loses one in three, one may hope to be modestly prosperous again in a few brief years. At all events they will be their own masters, and will have the ironical satisfaction of knowing that they owe the Roumanians nothing. Austria fares much worse. In her genial, fatalistic way she has been since the armistice a model of propriety in Central Europe. She alone made

no little wars (Poland, we think, holds the record with five). She made no communist revolution. She has sat very quietly in her misery and starved. The "peace," none the less, which has been dictated to her is much harsher than that to which Germany has submitted, and no ingenuity could devise anything worse for Hungary. It differs from the Roumanian performance in the ingenious civilization of its mechanism. There are, to be sure, some purely predatory clauses in it. At a moment when we are beginning at last to understand what the scarcity of the single article of milk during the blockade has meant to the health of the children of Vienna, it was a refinement of brutality to demand the surrender of some of the few remaining milch cows. The terms of the Treaty have not been published, but we gather from protests in the Viennese Press that there are some further demands of the same kind, for the surrender of other valuable goods.

That, however, is an excrescence on the Treaty. The essence of it is that it loads on to this tiny remnant of the old Dual Monarchy, the whole of its weight of war-debt, and holds in reserve the threat of a further contribution by way of indemnity. The theory is of course that the German Austrians alone made the war, and that the new pro-Ally States carved out of Austria and Hungary are not to be regarded as heirs of part of an enemy empire, liable to its burdens, but as victors entitled to the spoils. Even as a theory this doctrine is untenable. It was a Court clique which made the war. It included Tchechs and Poles as well as Germans, and many Magyars, and the Germans who were guilty partners in it have as little to do with the Austria that has made Dr. Renner premier, as Bela Kun had to do with the Magyar war-party round Count Tisza. To regard this little pacific semi-Socialist State, with a population smaller than Belgium's, and resources which would scarcely suffice to keep the inhabitants of Vienna on a diet of bread and water, as the heir to the Hapsburg liabilities, and the scape-goat for the Hapsburg sins, is an offence not merely against humanity but against reason. All the wealth of Austria-Hungary lay as it chanced outside the poorly-endowed region of German Austria. The mines and the manufacturers are in Tchech territory. The rich corn lands are in Moravia, Hungary and Croatia. Imagine a similar fate overtaking this country and conceive London with a fringe of the Home Counties cut off from the coal of the North and of Wales, and the iron of the Black Country, and the textiles of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Even then the parallel would be in London's favor, for the Home Counties are fertile plain, while most of Austria is poor Alpine land, and London would remain a great port. Load on London and the Home Counties the entire war-debt of the United Kingdom, and an indemnity in addition, and you have some measure of the prospect before Vienna.

Even if there were no question of debts or indemnities we doubt whether this truncated Austria with its overgrown head could live. It could survive only if the Tchechs were willing to supply it with cheap and abundant coal, so that Vienna could maintain her manufactures. But that the Tchechs will not do. They look forward, with some reason, to a great industrial future for themselves, and they propose that Prague shall replace Vienna as the leading city of Central Europe. Even without debt Austria would sink to the position of a poor Alpine community, with no exports save timber and wine, while Vienna would certainly lose a full half of its two millions population.

We should resist any attempt upon the human rights even of the most backward of these Eastern peoples. Albanians and Lithuanians have their just



claims, though they have contributed nothing to civilization. But this Eastern settlement is based on the principle of aggrandizing races which are relatively barbarous at the expense of one of the world's great civilizations. Propaganda has been busy for years in printing selected facts and colored opinions about these Slav and Latin races upon the *tabula rasa* of public opinion. The events of the last nine months must have caused some disillusion even to the most credulous. All these little States display an unbridled Imperialism. All of them rush into war with juvenile levity. The Poles and Roumanians amuse themselves with pogroms. The South Slavs, ordered by the Big Four to clear out of the German-Austrian town of Klagenfurt, announce through the chief Slovene newspaper that if they are forced to abandon it they will "leave it a heap of ruins." In a generation or two these raw peoples may mature, but for the present the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary means the Balkanization of morals and culture over the whole of Central and Eastern Europe. In this intellectual waste, there survives, ruined and starved, a city that possesses a distinction which, in its own way, no other in Europe can rival. Paris and Munich have a supremacy of their own, but the history of music would be meaningless without Vienna. It is not a light thing to destroy a civilization which rests on the taste and refinement and intellectual distinction of this city. We cannot recall one chapter of the history of civilization which would be poorer by a line or a page or an entry if Bucharest had never existed. Vienna sings in the brain of every civilized man. Its services to art make a claim which only the Vandals will deny. But that is not all. There is a humanity in all its life which conquers the affections of everyone who has lived in it. These other Eastern peoples may be interesting, perhaps promising, clients and protégés of civilization: the Austrians are our equals, and in some respects our teachers.

What must happen to Austria under this Treaty is fairly clear. She will have to declare herself literally bankrupt, and then for thirty years or more she will be placed under an Allied Commission, which will first of all have to feed her into some approach to health and and then, when she can work again, extract year by year from her such ransom as she can pay. The French (who are always allowed to manage these matters) are profuse in their declarations that the process shall not be unduly disagreeable. They will combine the rôle of the Good Samaritan with that of the other persons in the parable, and when they have finished the first operation, they will pour in oil and wine. They even have a plan for reviving Vienna's aristocratic dignity. The Archduke Joseph who has been installed in Budapest is only a caretaker. Before long the same occult forces which placed him where he is will find a Hapsburg also for Vienna. The Financial Commission will make short work of the Socialists who at present are the chief partners in the Austrian Coalition Government. The ablest of them, Dr. Otto Bauer, has already been forced to resign. If Vienna bows to the clerical-monarchist reaction which French diplomacy everywhere favors, then perhaps her financial path may be eased for her, if not, she will have to pay the full price for her present Socialist-Democratic tendencies.

In any event Austria has ceased to exist as an independent State. She is a debtor in bonds, and whether she submits with a good or an ill-grace, all self-respect, and any national will are denied to her. Under such conditions her mind, her distinction, her culture will decay as surely as her prosperity. We have said nothing about the gross wrongs done to her by the subjection of the Bohemian and Moravian Germans to Tchech rule,

and the seizure of the German South Tyrol by Italy, nor have we mentioned the central wrong of the veto placed upon her union with Germany. These wrongs are irreparably accomplished. They are part of the record of the worst peace in history, and they cannot now be undone. What even now might be mended is the financial oppression, which makes of this little State, the one harmless pacifist State in Central Europe, a bankrupt debtor serf of the Entente, and destroys its civilization with its self-respect. That can and must be mended.

#### MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S DUTY.

WHEN the Government Estimates appeared in the spring THE NATION warned its readers that they meant a rush to bankruptcy. When Mr. Austen Chamberlain produced his Budget it was dissected in these columns as being based on absurdly optimistic assumptions, both as to income and expenditure. We insisted that the experience of a year would reveal the necessity of a change, not only in detail, but in the very method of raising and spending money, as an alternative to financial collapse. These statements were denied by the dominant Press which helped to place the present Government in power. Critics of military estimates were denounced as pro-Germans, and prophets of financial ruin as Jeremiahs. In less than a year the wheel has come full circle. The papers of the wealthy, ardent adherents of militarism, have seen something which frightens them more than the destruction of militarism. That is the destruction of the wealthy. Mr. Churchill, with his battle array on the Rhine and his Holy War on Bolshevism, finds himself suddenly out of the picture. Even the present Prime Minister appears less inevitable when he is leading us on to Lord Rothermere's anticipated normal standard income-tax of 10s. in the pound. So the prophets of Baal, after crying and cutting themselves with stones, are leaping on the altar that they have made. The "Times" for the first time probably in its existence, is preaching a drastic reduction of expenditure on armaments. The Rothermere group is insisting on the disendowment of the Russian expedition. Others are beginning to wonder whether we may not be paying too high a price for the Prime Minister. "Babie Charlie" (to quote a famous passage) is laying down the wickedness of dissimulation, and "Steenie" the turpitude of incontinence.

Parliamentary debate has now foreshadowed the complete collapse of the Government's finance. They rolled off the greater part of the Excess Profits Duty. They borrowed, at high rate of interest, and they failed to raise one-half of the sum they required. They failed largely because the country saw everywhere the waste of which they were guilty. They pitched into their balance sheet the money obtained from the sale of stores which had been bought out of borrowed money, and therefore should have been hall-marked for the repayment of debt. They have established no sinking fund for the repayment of debt. They not only rejected the idea of a levy on war-made wealth for the partial repayment of debt. They rejected even the idea of a Committee to consider the practicability or desirability of such a levy.

Yet to such a levy some Government, in the near future, is bound to come. Ministers produced a Budget by which the country next year was to pay its way with no resort to new taxation. They know to-day that the scheme, if it were ever practicable, has vanished. There will be a deficit—perhaps of fifty millions, perhaps of a hundred millions or more—in the budgetting for 1920-21

of next April; new taxation, on a tremendous scale, will be absolutely imperative. They produced a Budget of a "normal year," and declared it to be possible in two or three years ahead. Expenditure was reduced far below its present limits and some kind of balance struck. That "normal Budget" has vanished over the horizon of men's dreams. We know to-day that it will never be produced by the type of men now leading the country towards destruction. Increase of Currency Notes, borrowings from the Bank of England (the most vicious form of inflation known), temporary borrowings by Treasury Notes issued at high rates of interest, only serve to conceal, not to allay, this fierce fever which is wasting the body politic. Led by such a Government, with such examples before it, the whole nation in private reckless squandering is emulating the experience of society. It is a "Dance of Death." Bread Subsidies, Housing Subsidies, Railway Subsidies, Coal Subsidies, and Unemployment Subsidies, take the place of any sane or intelligent policy of social reconstruction at home; while in the fireworks of Navy, Army, and Air Service is being poured out the accumulated capital of generations.

Expenditure on the debt is certain—at least four hundred millions. No Government could alter this except by a levy on wealth or by repudiation. The pre-war expenditure of about two hundred millions represents to-day, in increased wages to pre-war Navy and Army and Civil Services, increased cost of all commodities, and increased grants to Old Age Pensions and others, not much less, if at all, than three hundred and fifty millions. Pensions and similar permanent war costs represent another hundred millions. Here are seven hundred and fifty millions a year without counting the cost of the new departments, of the subsidies (over a hundred millions), or the gigantic new expenditures on post-war Army, Navy, and Air Service. The whole thing cannot be balanced at nearly a thousand millions. The Chancellor urges the House of Commons to moderate its extravagance. But the extravagance is not of the House of Commons. The extravagance is of the Government and the Prime Minister. The estimates are prepared by the Departments, approved by the Cabinet, or—in lack of a Cabinet—presumably by Mr. George, and are only presented to Parliament in such a stage when a reduction of £5 would mean the fall of the Government. And the fall of the Government means the suicide of the present House of Commons. It was not Parliament—or the country—which prepared Army Estimates of over four hundred millions, Naval Estimates of 150 millions, Air Estimates of 65 millions; all in a year when lip service is being done to National Disarmament, and every conceivable challenge to British military and naval security has vanished. It was not the House of Commons which proposed a vote of a million pounds to be extorted from the taxpayers of England, Scotland and Ireland in order to pay it to the Welsh Church or the Welsh County Councils or to both. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has no authority for flinging the reins of guidance upon a Parliament one-sixth of which consist of Government placemen and imploring it to control the Government. Let the Government control itself. But it is difficult to understand how Mr. Chamberlain can continue in that galley. In his action over Mesopotamia, he has earned an honorable record of personal sacrifice. If he receives insufficient support, against the pressure of the Departments, to carry through the financial scheme he outlined to the nation last spring, his course should be to force an assertion of Treasury authority or to resign. He might in such an action change the course of history.

### WHO ARE THE PROFITEERS?

AN undersigned, and doubtless an unwelcome, coincidence has brought together the Report of National Expenditure, the Profiteering Bill, Mr. Chamberlain's financial confessions, and the statistics which disclose the ever-widening gap between our import and our export trade. The accumulated effect upon what reasonable mind remains to us is one of consternation. Nobody disputes the deplorable nature of the situation: everybody is engaged in bandying about the responsibility. And everybody understands why the Government has suddenly plunged on this Profiteering Bill. It is because there has been accumulating a mass of evidence bringing home the true guilt of the situation to their base policy and their crooked finance. The public, sometimes keen sighted in such matters, at once jumped to their "little game," and taxed them with turning the opposition upon the little profiteers in order to hide their own extravagance. Mr. George, Mr. Churchill, and the swarm of creatures they have set to the squandering of the public money, have doubtless come to think from long experience that any prodigality can be committed with profit to their protégés and impunity to themselves.

They may be right. It is yet too early to decide. But the Report of National Expenditure affords a test case, in its disclosure of the scandals of the Air Ministry. Here we have the Administrator of Works and Buildings testifying how he "found a conspiracy of Government men and contractors' men," had four of them arrested, with the approval of the then Secretary of State, obtained confessions of falsification of the books for the payment of men who did not exist, but was stopped from prosecuting by the Lord Advocate, who gave as one reason for refusing to prosecute that "a prosecution would reveal what appears to be inefficiency and absence of control on the part of the representatives of the Ministry on the spot." Mr. Clyde's inference is that this inefficiency and absence of control were so glaring that in face of them no jury would have brought in a verdict of guilty against a private offender. That merely lets off Mr. Clyde at the expense of the Air Ministry. Nobody supposes that the scandals of the Air are not repeated and multiplied in the Army, the Admiralty, and, above all, in Munitions.

What answer does the Government make to these charges? They say, "Don't you bother about these matters, which are too high for your understanding; turn your attention to the tailors, shoemakers and grocers, who are plundering you right and left, the wicked profiteers! We will set up for you in every town a local committee, a little Star Chamber, before which you can hale your retail enemies, investigate their cheating ways, bring them into Courts and get them fined fifty pounds or imprisoned for six months. Won't that give you much more real satisfaction than attempting to bring Ministers and contractors to book?"

Now this Governmental attempt to turn the tide of indignation against the small local tradesmen has failed. In the first place the fraud was too transparent. What the public is concerned about is the high prices. But why are the prices high? The wicked profiteer! says Sir Auckland Geddes, and he cites as his two terrible examples the high prices of boots and of house repairs. Well, no doubt, shoemakers and building contractors will put up prices all they can. But who enables them to pursue these little profiteering games? The Government with its policy of embargoes. It is the Government that keeps out foreign leather and shoes, in order that the British manufacturers may monopolize

the market, and fix high prices for the artificially reduced supply. It is the Government that enables builders to charge exorbitantly for house repairs, by placing embargoes upon Swedish window frames and doors and a score of other articles which builders use. It is mere trifling to crucify a retail profiteer now and again, for using to his private gain the opportunity the Government provides.

Profiteering, in a word, is the natural child of public profligacy and dishonest finance, the two prime causes of the colossal rise of prices which gives every well-placed business man his opportunity. The notion that this Bill with its Committees will stop profiteering, or succeed in stopping the rise of prices, is grotesque. There is a somewhat humorous complaint that no satisfactory definition of the new crime is set out in the Bill, and Sir Auckland comes forward with a new patent form which he says is "implicit in the Bill." "Profiteering" is "to make an unreasonably large profit, all the circumstances of the case being known, by sale to one's fellow citizens of an article which is one, or one of a kind, in common use by the majority of the population." But this ridiculous jargon, with its affected precision on irrelevant matters, furnishes neither a logical nor a working definition. It is perforated with fallacies and obscurities. Professional economists have never come to an agreement about the meaning of profit, what it includes, how it is to be reckoned, and what the precise relation is between gross and net profits. And though the amendment accepted last Wednesday, laying down a comparison of pre-war and present profit on the whole business as a test of unreasonability of price, meets some of the difficulty, it does not go far towards enabling a local committee to fix reasonable prices for a particular commodity. It may be that the fear of exposure or punishment will scare some local traders into moderation. And the powers authorizing local authorities to sell standard articles at reasonable prices might, whether operated or not, achieve some check upon extortion.

But to set local committees to administer an Act of such vague wording is to ensure the maximum of injustice and incompetency. And there is little comfort in the reply that in the last resort the matter comes before the wisdom of an expert Court for judicial decision. The draftsman who inserted the expression "a profit which is, in view of all the circumstances, unreasonable," was probably no business man. For, if any real meaning is to be given to the qualifying phrase, as Wednesday's amendment virtually admits, it precludes the separate assessment of a reasonable profit upon any single article or set of articles, and saddles it upon the entire volume of the year's or half-year's trade done by the business in question. The amendment, including all stages of manufacture and distribution within the purview of this Act, though formally strengthening the procedure, actually increases the difficulty of administering it. Local committees can have no grip upon the wider processes generally lying outside their area.

The long and short of the matter is that, so far from the Government having given this grave matter their serious consideration, they have put out a wild, impracticable scheme which they hope may help to soothe unrest. But it won't. For it is found out before it starts. In every quarter the just suspicion is spread that it is a mere dodge to direct attention from the big profiteer, including the Government, to the little one. Mr. McCurdy, indeed, made a bold pretence in last Monday's debate that the Bill was directed against the great trusts and combinations, and that it would furnish

machinery adequate to tackle these leviathans of monopoly. But Sir Auckland did not back up the pretence, and though the vague language of the Bill might doubtless be stretched to cover any process of buying and selling, there is one conclusive proof that Mr. McCurdy's interpretation was an after-thought. It is furnished by the concluding sentence of the Bill, which confines the operation of the Act to six months, unless Parliament otherwise determines. If the Bill were designed to tackle the great combinations and associations which (with the assistance of the Government they control) are the real price-makers and profiteers, can it be pretended that this is a six months job?

The trick is not only dishonest, it is supremely foolish. If prices of foods, clothing, and other articles were about to fall, owing to the play of the ordinary forces of supply and demand in a reviving world industry, some cheap gain might be plucked out of the occasion by pretending that this result was due to the energetic campaign against profiteering. But prices are not about to fall. The Government are taking care they shan't. The bad peace they have helped to make, the wicked wars they are still waging or supporting, their squandering of our diminished national resources on huge armaments, their crippling of our commerce, their desperate finance, their fast and loose game with labor—all come home to our people in exacerbated feeling, lack of business confidence, reduced productivity, debasement of the currency, and a further enhancement of prices. A limit exists to the tale of crimes and follies our people will allow their Government to heap up as it moves, carrying our people with it, down the road to material and moral ruin. There is an ultimate resource of self-protecting instinct which in "our rough island story" has time and again come to our rescue in the hour of peril. Liberate that wholesome instinct, and its first work will be to sweep away the Government.

#### BACK TO PETERLOO.

Few events in our history have made so immediate and so striking an impression on the public imagination as the event of which all good democrats are thinking to-day. The Lancashire magistrates and the yeomanry and hussars who between them killed eleven people and wounded six hundred on that August morning in St. Peter's Fields and the neighboring streets—for the yeomanry pursued these unfortunate weavers and their wives and children far from the scene of action—found themselves in a few weeks more famous than many a General who had won a battle or two for his country in Flanders, or Egypt, or the Peninsula. At first sight it might be supposed that this of itself stamps the Peterloo massacre as an isolated and extraordinary occurrence: so isolated and extraordinary as to provoke protests from a Lord-Lieutenant, the Court of Common Council, and other respectable and orderly bodies. This supposition would not be accurate. Peterloo, as all students of the period know, was an illustration, dramatic and violent, but still an illustration, of the temper of the times. The meeting was essentially a working-class meeting, and working-class life was dirt-cheap in the eyes of the ruling class. Henry Grey Bennet, the champion of the chimney-sweep boys and one of the bravest of the little band of independent Radicals who denounced the abuses of the time in the House of Commons—whose name by some vagary has never crept into the Dictionary of National



Biography—summed up the methods of the Government of Castlereagh very aptly when he said that in order to frighten women they had hung a woman who snatched a pound of butter from a profiteer, and in order to frighten children they had hung a child who had played at soldiers during a riot. The callousness of horsemen riding down women and children in St. Peter's Fields was more spectacular, and it made a moving picture in the popular prints which could be picked up in most places if you cared to take the risk of a month or two in jail. But it was not in essence different from the callousness with which Ministers and magistrates habitually treated the poor. So fully was this recognized that Castlereagh and Sidmouth thanked the magistrates and yeomanry for their zeal in the cause of order on this occasion, and neither magistrates nor yeomanry ever showed the least sign of repentance. The best Whigs were scandalized, and men like Grey, Holland, and Fitzwilliam made energetic protests. But most people accepted the plain truth that justice, order, and good government meant the vigorous and vigilant prosecution of a class war by the rich, a war in which rulers and magistrates could not afford to show either scruple or mercy.

What were the most embittering incidents of this war? They were two—the use of spies and the use of soldiers for keeping order. The full story of Oliver, the best known of the spies, has yet to be told, but it is important to remember that the proceedings by which he became famous were not exceptional. The spy, known in very many cases by the magistrates themselves to be a man of unscrupulous character, quite capable of playing the agent provocateur, was the type of the methods of justice in vogue in the new industrial districts. The Lancashire magistrates made no concealment of their view that they sat on the bench not to apply any principle of justice to the cases they had to consider, but to keep down a restless population: the officials of little trade unions or little reform societies who fell into their hands, or the workman trapped by a spy into a rash act or a rash word, were not Englishmen with a right to a fair trial, but Jacobins, enemies, public pests. The only question was the best method of putting them out of the way of mischief. There turned up occasionally in these crises a judge who did not fall in with these ideas, and then the magistrates moved heaven and earth to get their chief criminals tried by someone else. This was the idea of justice in the minds of the magistrates. As for order, Pitt ruined his military schemes at the beginning of the French War from the desire to find a force that could be relied on to act against the working classes. He designed the volunteers for this purpose. But in the end the yeomanry were the only force that answered his expectations. Their unpopularity was proverbial.

This class war arose because the working classes wanted something that the ruling class was determined to withhold from them. They were in revolt against the destruction of all that was left to them of personal freedom by the combination of the industrial revolution and the political reaction. Industry was assuming a social form and character that seemed to make the workman a defenceless slave. Rulers and magistrates wanted to give him no opening for initiative or choice in any direction: politics, education, pleasure. They had before them a vision of the French Revolution, a warning of the fate of those who begin to make concession.

"If I say A I must say B  
And so go on to C or D.  
And so no end I see there'll be  
If I but once say ABC."

That jingle put into the mouth of Wellington contained the whole philosophy of Government.

## II.

At first sight one is impressed by the differences between our position to-day and the position a century ago. We have now a wide franchise, and whereas trade unions at the time of Peterloo were illegal, living precariously at the mercy of employers and magistrates, they are now part of the recognized machinery of a modern State. How then is it that to-day our position reminds us painfully of the conditions of those times: that we seem again to be in an impasse, that the nation seems just as sharply divided by class hatred and suspicion? The answer is that the workers want something that the ruling class, so far as it is represented by the existing Government and the existing Parliament cannot give them, and that the ruling class after four years of exceptional administration are reviving the spirit of their ancestors and actually reproducing their methods. The workers want greater power over their lives and greater power over the policy of the nation: the Government and Parliament, both ludicrously unrepresentative, want to keep the power of the big interests. The discontent of the country is largely chaotic: it is fed by suspicion of corruption, profiteering, and of readiness on the part of the Government and of the interests it obeys to take advantage of the economic situation created by the war to exploit the country. The Government treats this development just as Sidmouth and his friends treated the attacks on the corruption and sinecures of their age by working up a counter cry. Mr. Lloyd George started it in the election when he called the Labor leaders Bolsheviks. For just as much as Sidmouth they look on politics as a matter of class strategy. Sidmouth only asked how best the new working class could be kept down: the Ministers of to-day ask how the working class movement can be rendered harmless to the interests behind the Coalition. Thus root problems are not handled, and the dangerous causes of discontent are left untouched.

The Sankey Report laid down a definite policy, but the Government dare not make up its mind. Ireland has become the chief scandal of the world, but the Government dare not offend Sir Edward Carson. At the same time we get the proposal to perpetuate Dora, and the attempt to work up a Bolshevik scare precisely on the lines of the Jacobin scare a hundred years ago. The formidable lady who carries Bolshevik sedition about with her from one country to another, but has shown her respect for the wakefulness of Scotland Yard by avoiding our shores; the emissary, "almost a boy," who brought £6,000 from Lenin to subvert our ancient constitution; all the whispers and hints from high authorities—these are the regular stock-in-trade of the organizers of panic who want us to believe that every trade union has its Thistlewood. The whole thing reads like another chapter in those reports of the Secret Committees of Parliament in 1817, which the Parliament of the day believe and sober research later among the evidence available in the Home Office papers has completely discredited. They served their turn then, and ludicrous though these latest efforts are, we know, unfortunately, from very recent experience how easily the propaganda of suspicion can work mischief.

The most sinister and dangerous development is the establishment of the department of industrial espionage about which Parliament has been strangely incurious. We should recommend Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill to ask themselves why it is that so bitter a hatred pursued the memory of Castlereagh and Sidmouth: they will then learn what Englishmen think of responsible men who employ these detestable methods. It is well known that a good deal of the

trouble in the munition shops during the war was the result of these practices, and we wish that there were men in the House of Commons with the courage and perseverance of a Whitbread or a Bennet to unravel the whole of that story. This system, acclimatized here in the war, is apparently to become part of our regular system of Government. We shall have our Olivers and our Nadins, and if the Government that employs them lasts long enough, which, fortunately, is not likely, we shall have the revolution that England escaped—or missed—at the time of their predecessors.

Meanwhile, let it be noted that in two important respects we are worse off than our forefathers a century ago. The Government of that time was too much afraid of the burden of military expenditure to continue great military establishments, and neither Castlereagh nor Canning wanted to commit the country to an incessant and indefinite crusade against Revolution abroad. We were in some danger of the revival of that policy in 1830 under Wellington, but fortunately Grey came into power in time to avert that catastrophe. The Napoleonic wars did not bring the world so near to famine and the danger of industrial paralysis as we are at this moment, and we live under a Government that is prepared to aggravate that famine and that danger for the sake of reactionary government in Europe. The Government which has borrowed Castlereagh's system of spies might try to learn some lessons from his foreign policy.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE Government is doomed. Its existence may be prolonged a little, for want of an obvious successor. But its shrift will be short from the moment when that successor appears, and a trusted personality, open of mind, vigorous of will, exalted in character, takes the work of national salvation in hand. No one party can achieve this result; only a combination of parties can give us relief from the distraction of the country and the profound unsettlement of Europe. But few doubt the powerlessness of the Government for good, and its incessant and automatic drive towards evil. It produces this evil from the character of the men who compose it, and from the direct and terrible burden of responsibility they bear. Peace from Mr. Churchill, order and economy from Mr. George! As well expect decorum from Boccaccio's monks. Mr. Churchill, with the fear of God in his heart, will offer lip service to the new spirit in the nation, where a few weeks ago he vaunted his legions and preached the power of the sword. There will even be sacrifices; a Minister in a panic is usually ready to offer for the altar any victim but himself. But that is not true propitiation. The country does not want to see this Government reformed; it wants to wash itself clean of it.

THEN there is foreign policy. Day by day the Sybil burns her books; and the prophets prophesy in vain. Take Mr. Hoover. For years this remarkable man has had his finger on the economic pulse of Central Europe. Now he warns us that it is running down to feebleness and extinction. Who listens? Who heeded Austria's pitiful cry that the Treaty of Versailles had ruined her? Two members of our delegation regarded that deed of death with aversion. One of the ablest of our officials

resigned his office and shook the dust of Paris from his feet in witness to its iniquity. But it stands, and in its present shape, is a capital sentence on thousands of children and one of lifelong misery for folk who never cherished an ill thought to this country. Unless it is revised, that sentence must take effect. But no man of leading has a word of criticism to offer. The Treaty is as impolitic as it is cruel. Statesmen, empty of culture or of feeling for the Europe that has been, or of knowledge of the story of her growth, consent to the destruction of a city like Vienna. So far as the Austrian Treaty goes, the makers of it might just as well have taken a town of high explosives and blown it up. Yet no Liberal or Labor statesman raises a debate, so that there passes *sub silentio* an assent to an act that blots the good name of England and America.

THAT is why the call for a new statesmanship is so urgent, and why men of conscience, no less than men of mind, ought at once to respond to it. The people who signed the Treaties of Versailles cannot amend them, and their powerlessness is the ground for their early displacement by those who can. But not until a new moral force sweeps through politics, a new constituency formed to give it expression, and that constituency chooses new representatives of its thought, can there be any substantial amendment. One can say with confidence, for example, that if a kind of international Anglo-American Cabinet could be formed by such men as Colonel House, General Smuts, Lord Robert Cecil, and Mr. Henderson or Mr. Smillie, a new face would be put upon European relationships. If that is true, why are our idealists so timid? Why not begin to lay a brick or two of the society of the future?

ONE imminent danger to the Government lies, I should say, in the embargoes. There is poison in the body of British trade which only swift and radical cure can expel. Quite possibly they are illegal. That, at least, is the opinion both of Sir John Simon and Lord Parmoor, two very good judges. But the Government, which is full of Protectionists, is wedded to them, if only because it does not dare to substitute an open policy of tariffs at 100 to 400 per cent. against the German and American goods which they exclude. But, meanwhile, our foreign trade is being starved to death. In the main it works on a delicate mechanism of co-operation with the foreign producer, ourselves coming in for the most part in the finishing processes. The plan of embargoes is to compress all these stages from A to Z, into a monopoly for the British maker. But this upsets the whole scheme of internationalized trading. Sir Auckland Geddes had the assurance to quote the rise in the price of boots and the cost of building materials as part of his case for the Profiteering Bill. But the price of boots has risen because the Anglo-American boot trade, which was a combination of American and British capital and skill, has been utterly upset by the embargoes. So with the building trade. Sweden has prepared vast supplies of joinery—windows and doors. These are now excluded, and timber must only be imported in bulk. Result—the holding up of the housing policy and a great and unnecessary addition to the cost of new cottages. So with steel billets. By excluding them we stand in imminent danger of losing to the United States the lucrative trade we were accustomed to do in steel rails for South-America. The States, therefore, do not in the least mind our ban on their steel billets. They know that this means the transfer to them of the direct trade with the Southern Continent.

Now, as to the legality of these embargoes, the case stands pretty well as follows:—First, there is the admission of the Lord Chancellor. He said in the House of Lords on August 6th, that the legal question was debatable, and that "even law officers of the greatest experience are not always right." As to the policy, he added: "Everybody must agree that the system is a bad one. Everyone must agree that it ought to be removed at the earliest possible moment." Sir John Simon, who has had the refusal of the Lord Chancellorship, has explained the system very lucidly to crowded meetings of merchants in the City of London and at Manchester. Clearly he regards the action of the Board of Trade as unconstitutional, and hints pretty strongly that an Act of Parliament has been misconstrued and misapplied. But the *locus classicus* for the law of embargoes and monopolies is undoubtedly Lord Parmoor's deliverance in the House of Lords. Lord Parmoor then asked under what authority the Executive had placed an embargo on goods other than arms and ammunition? Lord Somerleyton replied for the Board of Trade that the proclamations prohibiting the import of such varied and innocuous articles as boots and shoes, furniture, tomatoes, hosiery, butter, pots and pans, pens and pencils, paper, &c., were issued under the Customs Consolidation Act of 1876, Section 43, which reads: "The importation of arms, ammunition, gunpowder, or any other goods, may be prohibited by Proclamation or Order in Council."

WHAT is the answer? Well, first of all it is a constitutional maxim that all trade is free and open to everybody unless it be specifically restricted by Act of Parliament in Customs and Excise Acts, &c. Secondly, the expression "or any other goods" must be *ejusdem generis*, that is to say, of the same kind or class as those specifically mentioned. Thus, under this section, tanks, bombs, or poison gas might certainly be prohibited by proclamation. But Lord Parmoor went a step further. He held that if there were no such rule of construction, and if it were lawful for the Government to stop all imports by proclaiming embargoes, there was no authority in the Customs Act of 1876 or in any other Act for remitting these embargoes and allowing favored traders to import limited quantities of the prohibited goods. He went further. He insisted that this particular form of official activity is forbidden by the Statute of Monopolies, passed in 1623 for the very purpose of preventing the Crown from giving or selling trade licences to selected persons. The Ministry, therefore, lies under the charge of imposing illegal embargoes, and of granting licences to individuals to profiteer at the consumer's expense in the markets which it has "rigged." Clearly this matter must be brought to an issue. The impolicy of the Minister's action is obvious. Its defiance of the spirit of our commercial law can hardly be denied. Is it also illegal in letter? Why not a test action?

LORD GREY's appointment to Washington is an event from which (had it been put on a proper basis) we might have hoped the best. Lord Grey will certainly please America. Before she came into the war he always saw her point of view. And his simplicity of mind and habit will reflect a quality of her own temperament; his natural gifts of speech, and his manner of using them, will add to the impression. He has a great name, and that is one recommendation; he bears it with much modesty, and that is another. Doubtless

there will be difficulties. Lord Grey is a shy man, and accessibility is the special mark of the public man in the States, no less than of the hospitable temper of the people. He is fond of the country, and Washington, with all her beauties, is not made after the manner of a Wordsworthian dell. But I can imagine all these obstacles yielding to the special charm of his personality.

UNFORTUNATELY, the compliment to America which Lord Grey's appointment implies is really put in a form which almost turns it into an insult. If Lord Grey goes to Washington merely as a victim to Mr. George's eternal shiftlessness, he will be unable to make a great deal of his mission. American politics are an immense complex, and if any one imagines that Lord Grey will be able to settle the Anglo-American difference over Ireland and to put the League of Nations on a working basis in six months, he is much mistaken. The first job is Mr. George's not Lord Grey's, and the success of the second equally depends on the character and the handling of a Treaty in which Lord Grey had no hand. Of course Lord Grey will be *persona gratissima* to the President, but America (and England) deserves better treatment than a succession of special missionaries.

A STORY of a cat with a conscience. A friend staying in a country place saw a cat steal along the garden with something more than that animal's habitually guilty gait. "Watch her," said the mistress. Presently a thrush flew into a bush, and began a single, harsh, threatening note, quite unlike even the thrush's alarm-cry. The cat stopped, listened, crouched, showed great uneasiness, and finally flew back into the house. "A few days ago," said the mistress, "she caught and killed the thrush's mate. Since then, whenever the cat appears in the garden the thrush flies over her, perches, and begins mobbing her. As a result the cat's character is quite changed. She used to be a lively happy animal; now she is as depressed as you now see her to be."

THE war seems to produce some queer reactions in Ireland. To a certain northern household a groom and a gardener are attached. The groom, a Catholic and a Home Ruler, enlisted for the war, and served with distinction. The gardener, an Orangeman, did neither. Nevertheless he looks down on the groom as a disloyalist and will have nothing to say to him.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE CIVILIAN WAR-MIND.—II.

AN even more significant factor in the degradation of the civilian war-mind than its vainglory and credulity, is its intolerance. The slow secular struggle for liberty of opinion and expression, and of conduct in all essentially self-regarding matters, was commonly supposed to have been won for civilized peoples. In our own country the substantial victory is implied in the later nineteenth century vindications of freedom by J. S. Mill and Lord Morley. Toleration, and something more than toleration, the energetic stimulation of new and therefore unorthodox



opinions, was recognized as the primary condition of all progress and the necessary safeguard for the vitality of all accepted truths. The substance of political, as of religious toleration, was at any rate believed to have been embodied so securely in our common attitude of mind and institutions, that it could not be moved. Britain and America, at any rate, stood for these primary rights of individuality, the right to "think, to utter and to argue, freely, according to conscience."

This basis of mental sanity involves, of course, the permission to form and utter opinions which are held to be erroneous and even dangerous by the majority, and which in fact may be obnoxious to both charges. The right to think wrongly, and freely to express such error, is justly held to be essential to the process of selection and rejection by which truth is evolved. It may well be admitted that the strong prejudices of the uneducated masses have never allowed a full response to this claim of fair play, and it has often been contended that even among the more educated strata of society the apparent toleration accorded to unpopular opinions in religion or politics is little more than indifference. This contention, however, we hold to be unwarranted. Making due allowance for a certain impatience felt among intellectual people for what they deem rash heresies or perverse misunderstandings, a fair standard of intellectual toleration was established, based upon a recognition that the method of "trial and error" demanded it.

It is the sudden abandonment during the war of this primary principle of all truth-seeking that is the crucial test of mental degradation. That learned societies should decide permanently to extirpate all enemy membership and influence, that the governing bodies of colleges and other places of higher learning should on grounds of political or religious opinion exclude from their teaching staff persons whom they had selected for these posts for their fitness, in order to replace them by presumably less fit teachers in subjects unrelated either to religion or to politics, is perhaps the most decisive of all evidences of the havoc of the war-mind. It is less the malignity than the irrelevancy of such a mind that obtrudes. Here are persons administering a public trust who think it their duty to deprive the beneficiaries of that trust of certain of its benefits so as to vent the spirit of intolerance which they have dressed up in the garb of patriotism.

When one regards the perpetrators of such intolerant acts from the standpoint of personal responsibility, their conduct seems to merit a degree of moral reprehension which, however, is greatly modified when it is recognized that their personality has been submerged so that they know not what they do. Humorous pity then replaces indignation. These men are no longer the "grave and reverend seigneurs" they still appear to themselves, employing their trained judgments in the responsible performance of their duties. They are the instruments of a common passion which has levelled their minds to the plane of the unlettered mob to whose conduct they conform their own.

There is, however, a sort of mind standing, or floating, midway between the academic and the popular mind that deserves some separate attention. It is the weathercock or gadfly mind of journalism. How far it reflects, how far it creates and feeds, the herd-mind it is not easy to determine. But one thing is certain. It lives upon that mind, and in order to do so is constantly engaged in producing and maintaining it. "What the public wants" means what the herd-mind can assimilate in news, opinions, judgments. To supply this is what the modern newspaper is "for" at all times. For the herd-mind is not merely a war-product. It exists in peace, and the popular press is its parasitic servant. But in ordinary times the play of independent personality and the faculty of criticism superimposed upon the herd-mind put limits on the journalist. Although, as one of our wisest modern commentators has observed, "the press is a perpetual engine for keeping discussion on a low level," there is some bottom to the presumption of credulity in presenting news, and even a low level of discussion obeys some canons of consistency and decency. But in war-time these checks and limitations are remitted, with a

result exceedingly favorable to the power of this press. An atmosphere of suspicion, credulity, and intolerance, in which unity of feeling and belief is the sole requirement, and all exercise of private judgment is condemned as treason, enables the journalist to exercise an almost boundless will to power. He sees the tide of popular emotion swell and flow to the stroke of his pen. He finds satisfaction in watching the gudgeon eagerly rising to the artful bait of his war-truth. As the removal of the upper layers of personal responsibility and customary restraints proceeded, and the naked herd-mind in all the simplicity of barbarism obtruded, the journalists of all countries became its avowed priests and prophets, finding each day the inspired ritual, the inflammatory liturgy, and the victims for the sacrifice. For the chief symptom of the civilian war-mind was a sort of instinctive throw-back to the superstitiousness of the savage-horde, fear-stricken by some hidden hand and eager to avert the unknown wrath of an offended deity.

It was not, indeed, a definite state of mind. But the process of the war-hysteria was shot through with suggestions of this reversion to primitive horde-life. The witch-smelling, the heresy-hunts, the popular persecutions of all times, carry in them some obscure but terrible fear of "the accursed thing" and of the persons who harbor it, and the need of discovery and expiation. It may be that traces of the belief in human sacrifice to wipe out sin lurk all the time in such outbreaks as we have witnessed. For this persecuting mania has by no means been directed exclusively against enemy aliens, reputed pro-Germans, or even conscientious objectors. It has assailed men and women of conspicuous loyalty, who had taken no part in thwarting or in crossing popular sentiment. The method by which this resentment was aroused was some utterly unfounded and unsupported suggestion of hidden treason, of harboring "the accursed thing." Any eccentricity of behavior, any conduct that the neighbors could not understand, sufficed to breed a mythology of treason.

But when this temper assumed national dimensions, it was always the baser journalism that was its propagator. There seemed to gather in the general mind thick vapors of irrational suspicion capable of precipitation into any monstrous shape. It belonged to the press to give this shape and direction by the conscious exercise of a malicious and unscrupulous invention. The episode of the Black Book, in which treason and nameless personal depravity were the common bond of a secret and infamous confederation comprising many of the most famous persons of the land, was the culminating achievement of this wave of superstition and credulity. A rally of the surviving powers of common sense after the exposure of this extraordinary matter dispersed for a while the vapours out of which these spectres grew. But the incident deserves close investigation by the social pathologist.

It has been admitted that these follies and the journalism which preys on them are not discoveries of war-time. These irrational propensities of the herd-mind are always the quarry of artful publicists and politicians. But the war emergency aggravated them in two ways. The first, the repression of the exercise of private judgment as an unpatriotic obstacle to national unity, has already been observed. The other is the positive manufacture of a common mind by propaganda. The very title propaganda is a testimony to the irrationality of the process. It implies a wholesale planting of fact or opinions on a contiguous mind by a common method, in which there is little or no regard to the personal make-up of the recipient. Propaganda posits the herd-mind, suggestive, receptive, uncritical, and unresisting. If the process were confined to the spreading of news, leaving the news to produce its effect upon the individual minds in accordance with their personal interests and valuations, it might be very serviceable. But it is not. In every nation such propaganda has been launched with the express intention of producing opinion and stimulating passion by the selection, rejection, and presentation of news without any close regard to evidence or inherent probability. To secure a uniformity of opinion, and to

support the fighting spirit of the nation, have been the related objects of this process. To this end every effective instrument has been utilized, pulpit, platform, "pictures," music hall, but most of all the press.

Never before has the power of collective and repeated suggestion been practised with so much conscious skill and success. The barriers of separate personality having been removed, the "public mind" presented a smooth plastic surface for the common impressions. Opinion and feeling could be fashioned and directed with ease and certainty by the "liberation" of news kept in governmental storage, and tricked out with provocative headlines and stimulating editorial comment. There came into circulation a Government war-truth which warped the minds of innocent men and women as insidiously as the war-money which filled their pockets. This unscrupulous behavior was held to be necessitated by the sudden reversion to a primitive struggle for group-life. It was the Prussian doctrine of necessity, the Machiavellian "reason of state." Though the sharp issue was habitually evaded, the true meaning and defence of this propaganda, with its defiance of the rules of reason and of honesty, were that it was necessary to present an unbroken fighting front to the enemy. The mind of the fighting nation must be "doped" like the brain and stomach of the men in the front trench waiting to go over the top. The economy of truth, first employed to deceive the enemy, thus passed by what appeared a logical necessity into self-deceit.

The first stage in the process was concealment of facts relating to the plans and instruments of war which, if disclosed, might prove useful to the enemy. The difficulty of discriminating between useful and useless information of this kind led to an ever-tightening censorship upon all communication of war intelligence. But, as more and more of our industrial and other organized civilian activities became closely auxiliary to war, the censorship extended to large branches of information relating to our engineering and chemical works, shipping and railways, and any other businesses affecting either the efficiency of our fighting forces or the material resources of our home population. Concealment from the enemy everywhere implied concealment from our own people. But our rulers and their press soon recognized that information of an engineering strike or an explosion in a munitions factory was not only useful to the enemy but damaging to the spirit of our people, and therefore to be concealed from them.

It was this acceptance of the duty of concealing facts likely to depress the spirit of the people which led us to the important advance from the negative interference with truth called censorship to the positive processes of propaganda. For, if it is injurious to "let down" or depress the popular spirit, it is advantageous to "buck it up." Our enemy had given a most audacious lead by disseminating useful news and moulding opinion not only in their own but in neutral countries. "Fas est et ab hoste doceri." Fairly launched upon this novel and adventurous career our Government and press combined to boost our cause by operating upon public opinion. At first, we could represent this propaganda as essentially defensive, the countering of enemy propaganda. But, as in military operations, the partition between the defensive and offensive cannot be maintained. Large bodies of our intellectuals were mobilized for this work, and factories of war-truth soon produced a considerable output, while a distributive system of lecturers and colporteurs was spread over the country.

Controversy in the proper sense there was none. For law, public opinion and mob violence conspired to reduce to impotence all attempts of a recalcitrant or critical minority to question war-truths or to expose the methods of their manufacture. We speak of it as factory work, for the essential character of the process was the grinding out of graded packet goods for consumption and assimilation by millions of minds planed down to a common credulity and receptivity. Such art, or artfulness, as was displayed consisted in choosing the particular tap of stimulant or sedative to be turned on to meet some "peace offensive" or to cover up some awkward incident.

A foremost branch of this propaganda, the production and dissemination of war-atrocities, deserves some special notice here, because it bears a peculiar testimony to the mental degradation of war. The attribution of atrocities to the enemy is, of course, a familiar occurrence in all wars. Atrocities are always committed by invading armies, and even when they do not occur they are imputed and believed. History will doubtless affirm that the German invasion of Belgium and France was attended by a great deal of intentional and organized brutality calculated to gain certain military ends, in addition to the sporadic brutality which usually accompanies invasion. The record of such abominations naturally rouses the indignation of the suffering nation, its allies, and the neutral world against the perpetrators. But the deliberate and industrious hoarding of these stories of atrocity, their literary cultivation and systematic handling, in order to inflame hatred and feed war passion, are novel and peculiarly degrading features in the psychology of war. It is hard to say whether this demoralizes more the agents or the patients of such propaganda. For the facility with which men of high intellectual attainments and scrupulous judgment have been brought to stamp with their authority as proven facts statements made by passionate partisans under circumstances of national excitement, and admitting of no such cross-examination as a judicial inquiry deems essential to the security of statements thus obtained, is the most striking of all testimonies to that submergence of higher personality which we have found to be the heaviest moral cost of war. The journalists and other middlemen of propaganda suffer less specific injury because they are by the ordinary practice of their craft accustomed to deal more lightly with evidence. But the direct co-operation and encouragement of the Government in the least reputable arts of treating news and moulding opinion has left journalism a more dangerous enemy to reason and humanity than ever before. For its power is perceptibly enhanced and its sense of responsibility diminished.

#### THE TESTAMENT OF MATERIALISM.

ONE, and perhaps the only, way in which the world has profited by the war lies in the impetus given to science. Let us hope that this will mean something more than a fresh impetus to scientists. Science follows and does not lead observation, and, at best, it merely offers a relatively true statement of the nature of things. In oblivion of these rudimentary conceptions, men of science are always bridging physical and natural science into disrepute, and throwing the majority of men back upon their own vague intuitions for the explanation of the riddle of riddles, the origin and the meaning of the Universe.

Professor Ernst Haeckel, who has just died at Jena in his 86th year, was one of those great men of science who slipped their anchor and ploughed about on uncharted seas. Yet he was a great man, whose influence upon many branches of science is so profound that almost any one of his several contributions to human knowledge would have made him famous. Every student of science passes through a phase in which the precision of his knowledge and the ample verification of his guesses tempt him to believe that he has got to the heart of the matter. Most living men can remember the whole-hearted welcome they gave to the Atomic theory. To-day, following the light shed by the phenomena of radio-activity, the undergraduate knows that the atom is no more final than a compound molecule, that the conception of elements must be radically modified, that there seems to be a chemical and a physical plane of atomic stability which differ widely from one another. Every student is tempted to rest in the ultimateness of his selection. It was Haeckel's misfortune that the weakness seized upon him late in life, and that he died before he had escaped from its toils.

He began his scientific life as a doctor, and had the benefit of studying under such men as Virchow, R. A.



Köllicher and Johannes Müller; but he left his early profession early in life, and in 1861 became Privatdozent at Jena. The next year he was elected extraordinary professor of comparative anatomy and director of the Zoological Institute. A few years later a Chair of Zoology was founded for him. He had already begun that series of naturalist journeys which was to carry him to almost every corner of the globe, to Scandinavia, to Greece, Palestine, Russia, Singapore, and Sumatra. His keen eye instantly noted the material he wanted, and his first-hand observations form a considerable part of that huge output of monographs which alone would have made him unique among men of science. When the celebration of his sixtieth birthday took place in Jena, he had already published forty-two works, most of them beautifully illustrated, and running into over 13,000 pages, in addition to more technical scientific papers. Five years later he wrote "*Die Welträtsel*" (*The Riddle of the Universe*). The book became the Testament of Rationalists.

The one real landmark in his life was his discovery of Darwin's "*Origin of Species*" in 1859, on the threshold of his career. He seized upon Darwin's generalization with the enthusiasm of an apostle, and without this championship, Darwin thought, his work could not have been readily accepted in Germany. With Haeckel it became more of a creed than an hypothesis. At the International Zoological Congress at Cambridge, in 1898, he traced the descent of man with the emphasis of one for whom difficulties did not exist. The modern tendency is to regard evolution as discontinuous, to look upon genealogical trees of man as guesses, and the tracing of descent as interesting and stimulating, though possibly misleading, speculation. Haeckel brushed all this aside as a kind of temptation of the devil. The links were there if we could only find them. He published his "*General Morphology*" in 1866, but a little later he popularized it in the "*Natural History of Creation*." In connection with this work a serious charge was brought against him. He was accused of having used the same block for the embryos of three different animals. He was also charged with describing and even depicting "missing links" which have never been seen by any other observer. Some of his work has been proved inaccurate. He was impatient of difficulties, enamored of surface smoothnesses, disinclined to follow patiently and cautiously as fact warranted, eager to predict and dogmatize. Thus the world will read Darwin when much of Haeckel has been discarded for its undergraduate dogmatism. Yet in some aspects of zoology no student can disregard him. For his work on the Medusæ, Radiolaria, Calcareous Sponges, and Siphonophora he retains the respect due to the master.

If his scientific work was uneven, his unscientific work was discreditable. "*The Riddle of the Universe*" was written at the height of the wave of materialism which has largely been displaced by vitalism. Fashions change, and it is no longer fashionable to be content with the smooth generalizations of materialistic monism. To Haeckel the riddle of the universe was a matter of physics and chemistry. He was one of that school of students who, puzzled at the phenomena of fermentation, are content to find the solution in the chemical action of zymose with no further thought of why and how plants excrete this liquid, and why and how it acts as it does. For Haeckel psychology was but an aspect of physiology. Consciousness and its manifestations were phenomena of chemistry and physics. From this it followed that there was no such thing as freedom of the will. "The freedom of the will," he wrote, "is not an object for critical scientific inquiry at all, for it is pure dogma based on illusion, and has no real existence." He later assailed the "growing audacity of intolerant orthodoxy, the preponderance of Ultramontanum." But it was his own intolerant heterodoxy which was largely responsible for the disrepute into which science fell. It was characteristic of him that he described forms from his own fine sketches rather than from the original forms. He was in many respects a living paradox, for despite the insufficiency of much of his work it yields an unflinching stimulus, and even where he was

most dogmatic—in his attempts to exhibit the descent of man—he is most suggestive in his thoughts on the relation of genera. The enemy of free will exhorted us to "train for the good and pursue the beautiful." But what if the molecules of the brain and its chemical secretions determine us to the bad and the ugly? Probably Haeckel never asked himself such a question. But he had his shrine, like the rest of us. Did he not tell us, at the end of "*The Riddle of the Universe*," that "the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, these are the three august Divine Ones before which we bow the knee in adoration?"

### THE EXUBERANT RACE.

CONSIDER three scenes:—

(1) In Central Africa, upon the low watershed which pours down the tributaries of the Congo on one side, and of the Zambesi on the other, the full moon is moving over the long ridges of black forest. In an open clearing outside a stockaded village of huts, black figures are dancing by her light. They dance in a broken circle. Now and again, one of them leaps out into the centre and dances alone, prancing with his legs, swinging his arms up and down, and especially delighting in wriggling his backbone like a snake. The more he wriggles, the louder do the other dancers clap their hands. Sometimes the circle suddenly breaks up, and, ranged in opposite lines, the men and women advance towards each other and then retire, clapping their hands, prancing, and wriggling their backbones to the utmost of their power. Sometimes they burst into song, chanting the praise of physical delights and domestic joys. "I am going to my mother in the village, in the village," is a favorite chant, usually set to a frog-dance in which all squat and leap. Sometimes the song is accompanied by the twanging of the Ochisanji, an instrument of iron slats fastened to a wooden sounding-board. And all the time, no matter what the dance may be, the great African drum, the Ochingufu, throbs and booms without cessation, sounding far through the forest, and striking terror into all the spirits of evil which swarm throughout the world. So the dance rages through the night, excitement reaching frenzy and then slowly subsiding till, as in an English dance, "a silence falls with the waking bird, and a hush with the setting moon."

(2) A few hundred miles away two American doctors have pitched a little camp of huts like a native village. The fame of their healing miracles has spread far, and another little village of huts has gathered round them. From distant forests men and women have brought their sick—people with leprosy, people with putrefying sores, babies who seem to waste away, children with distended spleens. Three kings, afflicted with diseases from which even royalty is not free, are among the patients, and have constructed separate rows of huts for their numerous wives and royal families. Every morning the sick come up for treatment, kingly rank giving no precedence. In the afternoon the tents are visited, but in the evening the mind is raised above mortal things, and the doctors go out into the camp and begin singing beside a log fire. Its light falls upon black figures crowding round in a thick half-circle—big, bony men, women shining with castor oil, and swarms of children. Eyes and teeth gleam suddenly in the firelight. Three songs are sung, the brief choruses repeated over and over again. One chorus is sung seventeen times on end, with steadily increasing fervor. A beautiful young woman sits singing with conspicuous enthusiasm. Her mop of hair, its tufts fashionably solid with red mud, hangs over her brow and round her neck, dropping odors, dropping oil. Her arms jingle with copper bracelets, and probably she is a princess, for at her throat she wears a section of a round white shell which is counted the most precious of ornaments—"worth an ox," they say. Her little cloth is dark blue starred with white, and, squatting upon her heels, she holds her baby between her thighs, stuffing a long, pointed breast into his mouth whenever he



threatens to interrupt the music. For her whole soul is given to the singing, and from cavernous lips she pours out to the stars and darkened forest, over and over again, the amazing words of the chorus: "Halleluyah! Halleluyah! Jesu vene mwa aku sanga. Jesus loves me! Jesus really loves me! His blood will wash my black heart white."

(3) The Philharmonic Hall in London is decorated with long sheets of red, white, and blue fabric. Seated on soft chairs covered with crimson plush, many rows of English people are gathered, all dressed in the usual summer style, but showing little bare skin except the face and hands. On the stage stand three or four rows of men, wearing the conventional evening dress—"smokers" and black ties. In front are the singers; behind, the instrumental orchestra with violins, 'cellos, cornets, clarionets, side-drums, and the rest of a civilized band. Some of the men can hardly be distinguished from the so-called "whites" of the audience, but, in fact, all are negroid, though only two could be thought black. Two women among the instrumentalists, and two who come in to sing, are "just as good as white." Yet in all runs the blood of wild Africans, such as those who dance and sing in the forests. They are descendants of similar men and women once herded down to West African ports, and shipped into slavery upon American plantations; partly for the good of their souls, because only in slavery could they hope to become acquainted with the blessings of the Christian religion. In fact, a philanthropic Bishop used to sit throned upon the pier at one of the chief slave ports, and baptize the fortunate captives by batches, wishing them a happy conversion with his blessing as they embarked.

From men and women who had the luck thus to be sold and set to honest labor in the cotton plantations, encouraged in well-doing by whips and torture, the performers in the Philharmonic Hall are descended; and if they can hardly be called black—well, there is at least one way of working out the depth of color, and for some strange reason there is less prejudice against a white man who takes a black woman for his concubine than against a negro who marries a white woman. But, brown or nearly white, the spirit of the old African blood lingers long. The programme is taken at full gallop. The orchestra plays; it may be a "ramshackle rag" or it may be something by Brahms or Dvorak. No matter what; gradually all the stage begins to move in time to the music. Some beat their feet, and wag their heads. Presently, all the bodies begin to move. The instrumentalists wave their instruments about. The clarinet describes circles in the air. The 'cello sways to and fro, and finally spins right round in its enthusiasm. The trombones—one can easily imagine what scope for athletic performance a trombone affords, and what scope it requires.

In the midst of a song, a singer is transported into dance. He prances, he wriggles his backbone, he waves his hands and arms. It is the mere decadence of that dance which lions, zebras, and apes gazed upon from the depths of the forest, wondering what had come over their biped fellow creatures. And the songs—their subjects are the call of the woods, the longing for home and the familiar river, the passionate cry for "Mother o' mine," "Mammy o' mine"—the same eternal theme of the savage song, "I am going to my mother in the village, in the village." No love exceeds the love of Africans for mother and home. That is why, in the slave islands, they face pitiless flogging and death itself in efforts to escape from the enforced blessings of civilization. "If I were damned, body and soul, I know whose prayers would make me whole! Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine!"

African also is the delight in repetition. "Listen to the Lambs—All a-crying!" One does not count how often the words are repeated, but it may well be seventeen times, like that chorus in the forest camp. And here again the perplexing simplicity of the Evangel seems to catch the African heart. "Me, O Lord! Me, O Lord! not the elder or the deacon, standing in the need of prayer, but me, O Lord!"; and so on through various friends and relations, with infinite repetition, always returning to "Me, O Lord!" It was with the same

personal hope that the black and naked mother and the patients in the forest hospital shouted like black stars together. Few steps further and one would reach the frenzy of a negro "revival," thus described by a noble-spirited son of a negress, Mr. Burghardt Du Bois, in his "Souls of Black Folk":—

"The Frenzy or Shouting, when the Spirit of the Lord passed by, and, seizing the devotee, made him mad with supernatural joy, was the last essential of Negro religion, and the one more devoutly believed in than all the rest. It varied in expression from the silent, rapt countenance or the low murmur and moan to the mad abandon of physical fervor—the stamping, shrieking, and shouting, the rushing to and fro and wild waving of arms, the weeping and laughing, the vision and the trance."

There is one note in the American negro songs which hitherto belongs to them alone. Many of those songs are rightly called "Sorrow Songs," and sorrow is the natural mood of a kindly and good-tempered race overwhelmed in slavery. But there is another kind of song which promises a relief to sorrow and a happy issue out of all afflictions. When, rather more than a century ago, Baptists and Wesleyans began to move among the plantations, proclaiming that all men are equal in the sight of God, and that the gates of Heaven stand open to black as well as white, the slave-owners and other Christians were glad, for to postpone the rewards of virtue to another life both soothed their consciences and kept the negroes quiet. It is true that, since equality in God's sight did not consort with slavery, the Churches were put to all the ruses of a hunted fox in the effort to escape the logical consequence. But to the slaves themselves, who can exaggerate the joy of that Gospel? In the midst of hopeless toil and cruel torments, their women dishonored, their children sold from their hands, they could now dream of a happy land into which they might one day enter, wearing white raiment and golden crowns, accepted by God to sing His praises upon harps for ever.

That glory of possible deliverance gives its deep pathos to the old Negro song, "I got a Robe," with its hardly expressible longing in the repeated chorus of "Heaven! Heaven!" so softly sung. Beneath the Biblical words of "Go down, Moses! Wait down in Egypt's land," there lurks a further hope of earthly deliverance. Plantation slavery seems long ago, but the negro and the half-breed think of Chicago and of Cardiff to-day. The African thinks of his lands taken from him in South Africa and Rhodesia. He thinks of Portuguese slavery and Congo abominations, and he wonders whence deliverance is coming now.

## Art.

### THE FRENCH PICTURES AT HEAL'S.

ANYONE who cares for art and happens to have been left out of the British Peace delegation will be thankful to those enterprising poets, the two Mr. Sitwells, and to M. Zborowski for bringing over from Paris just what he wanted to see. We stay-at-homes have long been asking what the French painters have been about since the summer of 1914, and, above all, whether any new ones have appeared. We are answered. Here is, not exactly a third Post-Impressionist exhibition, but one so rich and representative that any professed amateur who fails to return from the country and visit it may safely be reckoned a fraud.

The grand and thrilling fact that emerges from this exhibition is that French art is vital still. The war has not killed the movement. Still it goes forward along the course set by Cézanne. There is stir and effort and experiment: within the movement there is a lively reaction: there is a *jeunesse*.

Of the four young, or youngish, masters of modern painting—Renoir I reckon an old one—three are here represented. Four pictures by Matisse are about the first things to catch the eye as one enters the gallery; and two of these (The Nude and The Lady with Rings) are

exquisite examples of his subtle yet vigorous art. They are as surely and economically planned as Romanesque churches, and as delicate as flowers. His very latest work—the girl with a parasol—is, it must be confessed, less satisfactory. Frankly, it is too pretty, a bit too clever, and something empty. Still, if one swallow does not make a summer, neither does one thistle-down make a fall. Matisse cannot be much above fifty, and as yet I see no reason for refusing to hope that, going steadily forward, he will in ten or fifteen years be to another generation what Renoir is to ours. Meanwhile, here we have the last word in his art, so the spectator can form his own opinion. Neither of the two Picassos, as anyone who saw his curtain at the Alhambra will remark, are in his latest manner. They are first-rate examples of an earlier style; and it is a joy to see them. Only, it would have been even more interesting to have seen a few of those drawings that he has been making during the last six months because, unless I mistake, it is towards this new Picasso—the superficially realistic Picasso who has been influenced by Ingres—that the youngest painters are now turning for leadership.

Though since the end of 1914 Derain has been almost incessantly at the wars no painter has since then advanced farther in public esteem. What is more, judged by his curtain and scenery for "La Boutique fantasque," his artistic progress has been equally great. Five years ago everyone who knew anything knew that he was a fine painter: he is now a chief. His two little Watteauesque pictures are likely to surprise some who admired his curtain: of his drawings three, at least, are superb, while one—the head of a negress—is, to my taste, shocking. It is probable that Derain will continue as long as he lives to make a certain number of bad drawings. Making bad drawings is part of his system. Apparently there is nothing he fears so much as falling into a habit of making good ones. He keeps a ferocious watch over his facility. To counteract it he sets himself the most unpromising problems and makes the most unlikely experiments. He has the courage of his conviction, and seems to mind not at all if the results are preposterous. The thing for him is to preserve an open mind and a free hand.

There is nothing here by Bonnard. Perhaps the organizers of the exhibition hold that because he derives more from Renoir than from Cézanne he is not of the movement. If so, I think they mistake. In any case, it would have been a treat for us to have seen something by this charming and intensely modern painter. Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Bonnard—these are the four names that 1919 sets against those of 1880—Cézanne, Renoir, Degas, and Manet. The comparison is formidable; but 1919 will not easily be daunted.

Behind the chiefs come a group of first-rate painters, several of whom are well represented in this exhibition. The collection of Modiglianis is the best that I have seen. Modigliani will never be a great painter, but he is a very good one. To begin with, he is not a painter at all; he is a draughtsman who colors his drawings. Indeed, it is in his pencil drawings that he is seen to the greatest advantage. Evidently Modigliani is admirably aware of his own limitations. Never does he set himself a task beyond his powers. Unfortunately, that means that he never sets himself the sort of problem from which comes the greatest art. He exploits his slightly literary sensibility with infinite tact, and, as his sensibility is great, there is not much risk of his becoming a bore. But, when one notices how much he has been influenced by Picasso and Derain one notices, too, how impossible it is that he should ever be a match for either of them.

Vlaminck is an artist more to my taste and, perhaps, a better one: albeit he is not of the great. The end wall which has been devoted to his pictures presents a flash of joyous color that is, as the saying goes, a sight for sore eyes. These rapid, tremulous statements are as lovely as jewels: and it is amusing to observe how, when he chooses to construct a work of art out of vulgar, melodramatic materials, his sensibility, skimming round and about them, runs no more risk of a collision with the subject than does a swallow with the wall whereon it

hangs its nest. If many of these Vlamincks go back to Paris I shall think the worse of my compatriots.

Friesz is not dull though he looks it. Examine his work closely—especially the military procession or the tiny picture of a pear—and you will find what one always expects to find in a Friesz—admirable painting. "L'hôte" is disconcerting. His water-colors are as seductive as ever, but it is not his water-colors that interest me most. He seems to have forsaken his old masters, the popular color-printers of the last century, and to have plunged into that new realism towards which *la jeune peinture* is visibly moving. Unlike his water-colors, his portraits and his family group are anything but seductive. I suspect, however, they are the best things he has yet done. And if "L'hôte" goes on at this rate he will soon be one of the best painters alive. Utrillo will be a new name to a good many English amateurs. What a misfortune that this remarkable painter, the discoverer of a new significance in the bricks and stones and iron, and even in the pseudo-marble of Paris, is now so ill that he will perhaps never paint again! And he is only a little over thirty. Marchand is not represented. Also, there is nothing by Braque or Gris. So, unless they prefer the great, dreary machine of Léger, or the pretty affectations of Archipenko, the young cubists must be represented by Marcussis. For Marcussis much could be said: for Donas, another young cubist, little; and for Van Rees nothing. But the future—the immediate future at any rate—is not with these. There is a reaction against cubism, and this reaction, naturally enough, is being led by the inventor of cubism—Picasso.

It is not to be supposed that the reaction from cubism implies any break with the tradition of Cézanne or any leaning towards literature. Those who adore anecdote and sentiment, and have no liking for art should be warned, at once, that they will find nothing to please them here—unless it be in the work of Russell and Krog. There is a tendency towards realism, but none towards illustration. The younger painters seem to feel that the problem of creating significant design out of real forms is more inspiring than the problem of creating it out of imagined. Without suggesting that geometrical forms are in themselves less aesthetically significant than the forms of Nature, they feel that the latter are to them more useful. But, it must be understood, they use the forms of Nature precisely as the cubists use their geometrical forms—they use them, that is to say, as mere shapes and colors out of which an aesthetically satisfying whole is to be built. With Nature they play what tricks they please. They never hesitate to distort.

Of the young artists who here represent the divergence rather than the reaction from cubism I remember, particularly, six—Durey, Mondsain, Féder, Favory, Gabriel-Fournier, and Halicka. Gabriel-Fournier, to be sure, is not young, but he is new to me. He seems to be a sort of sophisticated *douanier* Rousseau who has looked, for perhaps a moment too long, at Vlaminck and Marchand. All his three pictures pleased me extremely. Féder is probably the best of the bunch, the most gifted and the most accomplished. I cannot think how so good an artist came to do anything so tiresome as his portrait of an old woman (No. 87). Durey interests me because he appears to be so young and so very much in earnest. Look at his picture of a bridge over a cutting, which, though it shows some trace of Marchand's influence, is admirably personal and sincere. One can see that he has had his vision and has set himself to express what he felt without pretension and without trickery, without trying to make himself appear in any way better than he is. He allows us to see just what his personal reaction amounts to; and it amounts to something well worth stating. Mondsain I like a good deal; but I don't believe in Soutine with his catch-penny prettiness of paint, nor much in the amusing and gay, but rather trivial Survae. Dufy is an extremely able and slightly vulgar illustrator.

Perhaps the most charming, though certainly not the best, of the artists who are making their début in London is Halicka. Halicka is impressionable; but, unlike most of the younger painters, Halicka has not been influenced



by Picasso, but by Matisse and Derain. Any sharp student can learn something profitable from Picasso; from Matisse, theorist though he be in words, few painters can get more than this not very helpful injunction—exploit your sensibility. Halicka is lucky in having so much to exploit. I should not be surprised if one of the most generally liked pictures in the gallery were the self-portrait of this artist in her studio. Her studio—for Halicka turns out to be a woman. So, amongst other things, this exhibition adds a name to our tiny list of distinguished female painters.

CLIVE BELL.

## Communications

### IMPRESSIONS FROM LUCERNE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I returned last night from Lucerne, where I have been acting as interpreter to the Permanent Commission of the International. There are two among my many impressions which I feel impelled to pass on at once. They may be incoherent, but they are very vivid.

The first may be put in the form of a question. What good is it to us to ruin Austria? That is, in fact, what the proposed terms of peace will do. The economic annihilation of Austria—by the provisions as to the debt (war and pre-war), State and individual property, the cutting off of supplies, &c.—is something which the Austrians simply cannot understand. It seems to them that the whole thing must be a nightmare. "Can your Governments really mean it?" they ask. And the answer is that probably the Governments do not. They seem to be doing it almost in a fit of inadvertence, as a child might pick a beetle to pieces without thinking. And what is it we are destroying? A city which is one of the supreme centres of art and thought in Europe—a people with whom admittedly we have no quarrel, and one which is singularly congenial to us whenever we come into personal relationship.

Has no one, among those in authority, either the wits, or the pluck, to stand out even at this eleventh hour against the crime which is being committed in our name? The simple and practical demand, which covers all the complicated economic details, is that Socialist Austria should not be considered as the heir to all the guilt and all the burdens of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, but should be treated in the same way as any other of the new States which are arising on the ruins of that Empire.

My second impression concerns Germany. The moral and psychological effects of the *débâcle* are terrible. They were displayed with painful and tragic vividness in the conflicts between Right Socialists and Left Socialists, of which the Conference at Lucerne was the scene. They are shown by the morbid revelling in self-condemnation, for which Erzberger has been catering in his recent "revelations." They are confirmed by all sorts of independent evidence from Germany itself. Probably they are not unconnected with the strain which the prolonged under-feeding has put upon the physical endurance of the people. Lethargy alternates with a hysterical activity; indignation with indifference. Disillusion and cynicism paralyze the will to action, even on the part of those who fought most strongly for reason and moderation throughout the war. It cannot be to our advantage to prolong and encourage this sort of mental condition. Politically, it simply means a tendency to extremes; and creates two real dangers—a militarist *coup* on the one hand, and an extreme Bolshevik *coup* on the other.

(1) So far as the peace terms are concerned, my impression is that their worst feature, at the moment, is the uncertainty as to the amount which Germany is to pay. This makes any kind of calculation as to the future impossible, and encourages recklessness in every direction. There is no fixed point upon which the reconstructive forces can rally. The fixing of the sum to be paid is an urgent necessity.

(2) A Commission of three or four impartial British economists or officials should be sent to consult closely and personally with those Germans who are working at the practical carrying out of the economic and financial clauses of the Treaty. They would be welcomed.

(3) The new Ambassador and his staff should be most carefully chosen. They need not be people who have been dubbed "pro-Germans" during the war. They must be people who look on it as their business to re-establish human relationships, rather than to pursue any "policy," pro-German or anti-German. From the psychological point of view, which counts most of all at the present time, the importance of the human factor, and of personal relationship, cannot be exaggerated.

(4) A definite announcement should be made by the various Governments as to their policy with regard to the return of prisoners. No one knows what is happening, except that "the boys are not coming home"—most of them—though the Treaty promised they should. The wildest suspicions and rumors are current. Few things are causing more bitterness of spirit.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON.

6, Erskine Hill, Golder's Green, N.W. 4.  
August 12th, 1919.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE ALLIES AND ROUMANIA.

SIR,—On August 5th I arrived at Budapest in order to learn the needs of the hospitals of the town on behalf of the British Food Mission at Vienna. The Roumanian troops were then entering the city. Next morning they presented the terms of Armistice. In the evening they set up the Archduke. On Thursday our party, though an official mission, was refused railway transit, and we travelled to Vienna by private car. On Sunday I reached Paris, to find the French Press belauding the Roumanians. Mr. Bratiano's adventure certainly evokes admiration for the spirited manner in which he has proclaimed his resentment at his inability to claim the position of the Premier of a Great Power at Paris, and shows his skill at electioneering. But judging things by their real values, it would appear that the importance of the Hungarian crisis is greatly under-estimated.

The important points to be borne in mind are the damage to Hungarian governmental authority, whatever form it may take in the near future, and the increased arrogance of the Roumanian Government, imperilling the proposed treaty securing the rights of minorities, so necessary on account of the Roumanian treatment of the Jews, and, above all, the injury to the prestige of the Powers.

The maintenance of their influence is essential to any effective League of Nations. The machinery for enforcing its will is present in even greater degree than will be the case in the future. Yet it will be seen that the Powers are prevented from taking the course essential to League action. The Roumanians not only defied the Allies in occupying Budapest, but they submitted the Allies' representatives to studied insults. The Paris Note uses adequate words, but abstains even from suggesting what steps the Allies will take. It is the power of the Great States to act firmly which is essential to a solution, and which may prove to have been on its trial with lasting results of world-wide importance.—Yours, &c.,

NOEL BUXTON.

Hotel Meurice, Paris. August 12th, 1919.

### SHAKESPEARE AT STRATFORD.

SIR,—In placing myself in acute opposition to Mr. Archer, I should like to say that I do so with the sincerest regard. I remember the real gallantry with which he championed the cause of Ibsen in England in the face of every discouragement and insult, and I know that through many rather dark years of the English stage he stood in the critical press for decency and light. Nor have I the smallest patience with the sort of mind which supposes that the immediately preceding generation was the one expressly chosen by history to stand as an example of stupidity to the world. It is, indeed, the respect that I have for Mr. Archer and his work that makes me feel the peculiar danger of his present counsel.



He is for tampering with, or excising, Shakespeare's text in stage representation. The circumstances in which he would do this are twofold. First, he would cut out scenes that in his opinion impair the dramatic effect, as for example, the Cinna scene following the Forum scene in "Julius Caesar"—I don't agree that it impairs the dramatic effect—I think it heightens it immensely, and while Mr. Archer might find many people to agree with him, I could find many to agree with me. And as between us there is clearly one authority from which there is no appeal. The scene was written by the greatest dramatic intelligence in our history, working at a crisis in one of its masterpieces. Mr. Archer may not like it, but what earthly right has he to ask us to assume that he knows Shakespeare's business better than he knew it himself? And if Mr. Archer is to cut out scenes that he thinks undramatic or ill-placed, to whom are we to refuse the same right? Shakespeare is an imperfect dramatist, but it really is beyond the power of Mr. Archer or anyone else to make him more perfect than he is. Moreover, we know very well what Mr. Archer's principle inevitably leads to. The mangled versions of "Hamlet," for example, that have disgraced our stage for long enough, simply have nothing to do in their psychological and imaginative significance with the play that Shakespeare wrote. We get not a modification, but a fundamental and, it need not be added, a degraded substitution.

Secondly, Mr. Archer would omit passages that seem to him to be obscure, beyond the immediate grasp of an audience. To do otherwise, he argues, is to be beset by superstition. But the real superstition, a very bad theatrical superstition, is that all the words of a play should at once be wholly intelligible at a first hearing. Not only is this never so, when the play is of any durable quality, but it is impossible that it should be so. Nobody hearing one of the Greek or Elizabethan masterpieces for the first time, never having read the text, could possibly apprehend the exact refinements of meaning from one passage to another. But as Shakespeare, to use his example alone, not only wrote superbly but wrote superbly for the stage, he always contrived to make his general purport quite clear at once to a hearer, even though some subtlety or another should need further seeking. He did this with the strictest economy, and when, for instance (as in the Leontes speech referred to by Mr. Archer) he seems to make his main intention clear in the first part of a passage, and then proceeds to elaborate it, we may be sure that the elaboration itself is essential to our immediate grasp of the main idea, even though at first we miss something of its exacter detail. In the speech of Polixenes that Mr. Archer quotes, even the refinement seems clear enough at first glance, but the lines that he italicizes are in any case entirely relevant to the general meaning of the scene, and to omit them is to impair that meaning.

Further, the idea that if you do not easily understand a passage you may cut it out, is precisely one with the obscurantism that Mr. Archer fought so valiantly in the case of Ibsen. When Ibsen was first played in this country, the disgraceful hooliganism of our audiences did not arise from enlightened disapproval of his vision and dramatic expression, but from a mere failure to understand him. It was not a case of thinking he meant something that he did not mean, but an inability to make head or tail of what he meant at all. And these audiences would have liked to do with the Ibsen plays that they could not understand just what Mr. Archer would do with the passages of Shakespeare that he cannot understand—cut them out.

But let me see where an arbitrary temper of this kind can land even so acute a critic as Mr. Archer, once it has possessed him. He says that even Mr. Adams could not be inveigled by Mr. Shaw into retaining these lines:—

"Affection? thy intention stabs the centre:  
Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
Communicatest with dreams;—how can this be?—  
With what's unreal thou co-active art,  
And follow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent  
Thou may'st co-join with something."

He supposes that the text is not corrupt, but adds that in the theatre Leontes might as well speak Choctaw. The text in the play here shows no sign of corruption, but the point is that Shakespeare did not write nonsense, while Mr. Archer, well off on his mare's-nesting, wantonly makes him

write nonsense. The folio text of the passage, for departing from which there is no rational authority, reads thus:—

"Affection? thy intention stabs the centre.  
Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
Communicatest with dreams (how can this be?)  
With what's unreal thou co-active art,  
And follow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent  
Thou may'st co-join with something, and thou dost,  
(And that beyond commission) and I find it,  
(And that to the infection of my brains . . . etc."

This is perfect sense, easily and at once intelligible in its context, and to omit the lines is to destroy the poet's expression. There is no valid reason for cutting Shakespeare at all (with a reservation on the "impossible indecency" score, about which a word too might be said in place), but it is unpardonable to attribute to him nonsense that he did not write and then to hold up your invention in witness of a dullness that it is your duty courageously to correct.

Finally Mr. Archer alleges that if Shakespeare's plays were staged as they were written they would be performed to empty benches. We at Birmingham have produced some fifteen of Shakespeare's plays, and most of them are now in our regular repertory. Practically speaking we have played the complete text in each case, and this is not from any superstitious idolatry, but because of the immense gain always in the vitality and interest of the performance. And Shakespeare is the backbone of our finance. When we are in doubt we play Shakespeare, being assured of a good week's business.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN DRINKWATER.

London. August 11th, 1919.

#### THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

SIR,—In your issue of the 9th inst. you comment on the delay which may elapse before the "first step in the organization of peace is taken by the Assembly of the League of Nations in Washington."

All supporters of the League must indeed join with you in deploring any avoidable delay: meanwhile, however, it may be of some satisfaction to your readers to learn that the voluntary League of Nations Societies in all the Allied countries are pressing actively forward. A great Conference of delegates from these societies has been planned to take place in Belgium in the autumn, and during the recent visit to Paris of Major David Davies, M.P., of the Executive of the British "League of Nations Union," the finishing touches were put to the arrangements. The programme of the Conference, which will be opened at Brussels on September 22nd, includes a number of resolutions of far-reaching importance; the decisions taken in regard to them by the Assembly will certainly not be without influence on the policy of the League, and will, it is hoped, mark a definite step towards the organization of peace.—Yours, &c.,

H. J. E. FISHER, Lt.-Colonel, General Secretary.

League of Nations Union,  
22, Buckingham Gate, S.W. 1.

August 13th, 1919.

#### WISDOM AND ANATOLE FRANCE.

SIR,—Your reviewer of Anatole France's latest book, "Le Petit Pierre," will not, I am sure, take amiss a friendly criticism of his depreciation of wisdom and of his description of the attitude of the wise in general and of Anatole France in particular.

"The essence of sagehood," says your reviewer, "is aloofness; the wise man consciously separates himself from the rest of the world, teaching himself to smile upon and pity the helplessness of human folly in its struggle against nature. He is a spectator sitting comfortably above the arena." If this be true, it is a poor look-out for the world, for it means that the wise can never help it and that it must always be guided by folly. Your reviewer thinks that there is "something greater than wisdom." I cannot agree with him, but, be that as it may, he will surely admit that never has the world had more need of wisdom than now. The war has confirmed the general experience that human stupidity—especially collective stupidity—does more harm than human wickedness. It is the business of the wise, as William Rathbone Greg said long ago, to repair the mischief done by the good.

Your reviewer's description of the attitude of the sage might be a fair description of the attitude of Renan, for

instance, but can hardly be defended as a generalization. I should put Voltaire in the first rank among the sages, and the description certainly does not apply to him. "Candide," for example, is something more than a mere detached and witty satire on human stupidity: it is the most damning indictment of war ever written. Voltaire did not sit comfortably above the arena; he descended into it and spent half his life, at tremendous risk to himself, in defending the victims of injustice. Yet nobody has exposed with more cruel irony the various manifestations of human stupidity, which Renan declared to be the only thing that gave him any idea of infinity. Does not what is called the cynical view of human nature—the view of the sage—tend, in fact, to a tolerant and benevolent attitude? It is the ideologists—the people that take too high a view of human nature—that are hard on their fellow-creatures, for they expect too much of them.

Nothing could be more unlike the attitude of Anatole France, who in so many respects resembles Voltaire, than your reviewer's description. "One always feels," says the latter, "that perhaps he might have achieved something finer, fuller, more passionate, if he had not taught himself wisdom, but remained intimately in touch with the agonizing folly and disorder at which he can now afford to smile from a distance." I cannot understand anybody that has read, for example, "Monsieur Bergeret à Paris," "Les Opinions de Jérôme Cogniard," or "Crainquebille," suggesting that Anatole France merely smiles at human folly from a distance or is "out of immediate touch with life." Perhaps no living writer has had more influence on social and political action. In a recent book ("Le Socialisme contre l'Etat") M. Emile Vandervelde has described the conversation between M. Bergeret and his daughter as a perfect summary of the Socialist theory of Marx and Engels.

But the career of Anatole France is an even more convincing refutation of your reviewer's estimate of him than are his books. He is one of the few great men of letters of our time that have descended into the arena instead of being content to be "spectators sitting comfortably above it." At the age of nearly fifty he threw himself into the thick of the struggle arising from the Dreyfus affair, addressed public meetings, and took his share of the stones and other missiles that fell to the lot of the first Dreyfusards. For years he has been an active member of the Socialist Party; he has again and again intervened against acts of injustice and oppression; when he was in London at the end of 1913 he spoke with Jaurès, Vandervelde, and a German Socialist, whose identity I have forgotten, at a great peace meeting at Kingsway Hall, presided over by Keir Hardie; and his last public act before the war was the inauguration of a new building at the Maison du Peuple at Brussels. This year he joined in the demonstration through the streets of Paris against the acquittal of the murderer of Jaurès, and only the other day his signature was the first on a protest of French men of letters against the Peace Treaty. His last public utterance was a noble plea for self-determination for Egypt.

It has been my privilege to know Anatole France intimately for several years; once during the war I spent the greater part of every day with him for three months. I never knew a man less aloof from humanity and life or more sympathetic to human suffering and misery. While most men of his age and generation were enjoying the war, either in an ecstasy of mystical patriotism or in the ghoulish satisfaction of the old at seeing the young die before them, he felt so keenly the massacre of the youth of Europe that the oppression of the catastrophe almost broke him physically, although his intellect remained and remains as clear as ever. There is nothing nearer to his heart than the success of Socialism and every check to the cause of Labor is a personal grief to him. His wisdom has not separated him from the world: it has but given him an insight into the follies and weaknesses of humanity which has produced an immense tolerance and a vast fund of human kindness.

Wit and irony are not necessarily manifestations of aloofness or lack of sympathy. No doubt Anatole France smiles at human folly, but he might say with Beaumarchais: "Je me hâte de rire de tout—de peur d'en pleurer."—Yours, &c.,

DISCIPULUS MINIMUS.

August 9th, 1919.

#### AN OIL PAINTING BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

SIR,—It may interest your numerous readers who replied to my letter of last April to know that, whilst making researches for my Bibliography, I have found what is probably an unique oil painting by Aubrey Beardsley.

It is a finished picture on an unframed canvas, 30 in. by 25 in., and is a version of a well-known black and white drawing. Its condition was somewhat dirty when discovered, and it is now being cleaned.

Major Haldane Macfall and Mr. F. H. Evans, the well-known Beardsley collector, are both of opinion that it is genuine.

Major Macfall writes: "I have never before seen a picture in color by Beardsley that gave the slightest hint that he might become a painter, but on seeing this *caprice* I feel sorry he did not persist. Of course, the history of the picture makes it absolutely certain to be by Beardsley, but, to tell you the truth, the only proof to which I pay any attention is the craft and achievement of the work."

A curious part is that on the back of the canvas is an unfinished sketch in oils which is recorded in Mr. Aymer Vallance's "Catalogue" (1909, John Lane).

I hope to place the picture, when cleaned, within reach of any who may be interested.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGES DERRY.

34, Oakley Crescent, Chelsea, S.W. 3.

August 9th, 1919.

#### SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

SIR,—The compositor's curse upon the user of the double negative has come home with singularly happy effect in the review of this book in your issue of August 2nd. For whereas the reviewer, quoting "an Eastern commendation of a good wine—"He that distilled this liquor distilled it smiling," adds, "It is not inapplicable here," the simple omission in type of the second negative has bedevilled that commendation in the manner of the cursing of Balaam. Puck has still a care of Scottish letters.—Yours, &c.,

THE REVIEWER.

#### Poetry.

##### "THE TELEGRAM."

THERE it lies  
In the ring of the lamplight. I touch it. I falter  
As though I could alter  
One word of it. Swift I surmise  
Disaster, and faster  
My heart throbs. Ah! vainly  
I try to think sanely.  
I leave it; I go to and fro,  
Doing mutely, minutely  
The things I have done ev'ry night,  
But the light  
Calls me back. It is there;  
Do I dare  
To unseal it? I feel it,  
So thin yet so sinister.  
Is this the minister,  
Fate, of your choosing, infusing  
My veins with a dread  
That has stricken sense dead?  
. . . I take it. I break it . . .  
My eyes are all blurred,  
But a word  
Here and there tells me all . . .  
Ah God, if so small,  
If so fragile a thing thus can bring  
With it fear such as this,  
What abyss  
Should we feel if one night  
In the light  
On the page at our name we should see  
"All things past and to be"  
In Thy book!  
Should we look?

June, 1918.

COLIN HURRY.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Conscientious Objector." By Major W. J. Kellog. (Boni & Liveright. \$1.00.)  
 "The Art of Rodin." By Louis Weinberg. (Boni & Liveright. 70 c. net.)  
 "Handbook of Greek Vase Painting." By M. A. Herford. (Longmans. 9s. 6d. net.)  
 "In the Gates of the North," "The Coming of Cuculain," "The Triumph and Passing of Cuculain." By Standish O'Grady. (Talbot Press. 4s. 6d. net each.)  
 "Jimmy Higgins." By Upton Sinclair. (Hutchinson. 6s. 9d. net.)

It has been the fashion in certain sections of the world of middle-class culture to preach, practise and believe in simplicity. Simplicity in life, simplicity in art, and a dewy freshness over all. I do not like simplicity, and dewy freshness has, for me, an insipidity that is almost nauseating.

In art, certainly, it is entirely untrue to say that the best is necessarily the most simple. Indeed, almost all the best art has been highly complex and sophisticated. What could be more complicated than the art of Shakespeare? Those native wood-notes wild, which Milton, with a peculiar lack of discernment, detected in his work, are warbled to an accompaniment of rare words, difficult usages, literary allusions, and rhetorical tropes. Shakespeare is not the less great or Shakespearean for his obscurities and the tangled skein of his thought. They are an essential part of his art and we enjoy them. It is difficult to think of any good poets who have written with that simplicity after which some of their successors seem to-day to be straining. The ballads are simple, but that was because their authors were uncivilized folk whose nature it was to be simple. It is no use pretending that an educated man of the twentieth century can think in the same terms as an illiterate peasant-bard of the fifteenth. Wordsworth in the Lyrical Ballads was consciously simple, with what success I leave everyone to judge for himself. There is very little dewy freshness about the rest of his poetry. Blake is perhaps the only one of our great poets whose best poems are, in their outward dress, simple, un-literary and without sophistication. But to say that they are simple in thought is fantastically untrue. Behind them lies Blake's vast and complicated system of metaphysics. Blake achieves in his poems that kind of inevitable simplicity which is the result of the highest emotional and intellectual intensity. This simplicity is not an end in itself, consciously sought, like the simplicity of Lyrical Ballads; it is something that happens of its own accord, like the sudden calm that comes to men in the supreme moment of some fearful crisis. It comes but rarely, that divine simplicity, and is gone again like lightning. The studied lisp of our Georgians is insistent, monotonous, like the dripping of a tap. Donne said of the doctrine of the Trinity that it was

"Bones to philosophy, but milk to faith,"

and one can guess that the dean preferred mumbling the hard bones to lapping an all too digestible pap. That this was Donne's attitude towards literature his own works abundantly testify. It is hard to imagine poetry that could be more complicated, allusive, erudite, and intellectual than his. And, with all due respect to the Poet Laureate's opinion, it is among the finest poetry in the language.

I THOUGHT I was acquainted with all that was most obscure and subtle in this literature of ours, so singularly rich in specimens of the art of darkling; but I was wrong, for I have recently discovered a book that is, in places, more obscure, more labyrinthine and utterly incomprehensible than anything I have ever read. I picked up the book by chance in a small town not far from London. It was an unpretentious little volume, and I was about to throw it aside when, idly turning the pages, I came upon the following poem:—

"This bank grows moss and fern  
And drops without number hollow it:

Here the hill causes delay and the wayfarer  
Looks at the grotto.  
Here lies hid the toad, the servant of the pixies,  
On whose back sits the emperor  
Of the unknown nation, whenever he threatens  
Terrible things to the bullocks.  
Who will give me back the spring? Who the moist  
Grass, and the worms clad in leaves?  
Whither shall the fern draw back its stem by spiteful  
Months scorched."

This, it may easily be imagined, was a revelation of the possibilities of obscurity. "Emperor of the unknown nation," "terrible things to the bullocks," "worms clad in leaves"—I was utterly at a loss, as indeed I still am to this day. But better was to come. Under the title of "On a Certain Delusion" there followed, some few pages further on, a fascinating poem referring, as far as I could gather (but allusively and in the manner of the symbolists), to the Great Exhibition of 1851 and its ineffectiveness in promoting peace.

"Lately we believed, happy fools, that the god  
Mars had retired . . .  
It behoves us to contend under glass roofs;  
. . . Glorious without slaughter  
Is the triumph of peace; we said, 'Put  
Honorable medals on your breasts, oh men,  
Called inventors of things  
Useful.'"

All this is comparatively limpid; we see the vast delusion of the Crystal Palace blowing its fragile bubble in Hyde Park; we think of the Prince Consort and Universal Peace and the Crimean War. But now our author warms to his work:—

"At the Englishmen, talking nonsense, laughed  
Black Gradivus; for he knew that old men  
Shut up in the caves of Arachne  
Were weaving a wicked design.  
The young generation, forgetting what its grandsires suffered,  
Wonders at citadels vomiting fire, is entranced  
When there shines in brass the bodyguard  
Of Cæsar, and follows tyrants  
Feigning whatever a boy likes  
To hear. The poet in the guise of a trumpeter,  
Struts, and leads through fires  
Armies sure to perish in vain."

Faith, not reason, assures us that these words have a meaning.

I HAVE quoted only two poems from this precious volume; but there are many others of equal merit and obscurity. Indeed there is hardly one piece in the whole book that falls below the level set by these two.

It may be that these extracts will arouse in the minds of any of my readers who have had a really first-class education queer and rather painful memories of their boyhood. For the volume from which they are drawn is an "Introduction to the Art of Writing Latin Lyric Verse," and is still used at the present time in one of our greatest Public Schools. All you have to do is to provide yourself with a good English-Latin Gradus, look up the words and arrange them in the right order. A series of incredibly brilliant Sapphics and Alcaics, as good, if not better than most that Horace wrote, is the result. The little boys of thirteen and fourteen, to whom this task is assigned, perform their duty heroically. They look up the words one by one, write them out at random on their paper, and set to work, often with Procrustean brutality, to fit their superfluity of length or shortness into the fixed metrical form. It is a process which may take hours, for boys are generally rather stupid about puzzles and problems. They take the words, as I have said, one by one without regarding them as units in a sentence; and if, by some chance, one of them, more inquisitive than the rest, should read consecutively through the English and should ask what it all meant, he would promptly be told to stop asking silly questions. The pedagogue's reprimand would be justified; for the question is not merely silly, but unanswerable as well. The meaning of these pieces, written long ago by the most eminent scholar-poet of the Victorian era, is as much unknown to him as to his pupils. "The emperor of the unknown nation threatens terrible things to the bullocks"—it is too obscure even for my taste. I turn for relief to Mallarmé's "Un Coup de Dés jamais n'abolira le Hasard."

A. L. H.



## Reviews.

## THE GREAT ILLUSION.

"Liluli." By ROMAIN ROLLAND. (Editions du Sablier. 15 frs.)

THERE is perhaps no sub-division of art in which so much bad work and so little of good has been produced as in allegory. It is difficult to think without irritation of those pale personifications that dot the poetry of the eighteenth century with their absurd capital letters or, bodied forth in paint, parade on enormous canvases the insipidity of their more than human grace. Or going back to that other period when a belief in the existence and value of general ideas was even stronger than in the eighteenth century, when Thomist realism was the official philosophy and the personification of ideas its natural counterpart in art, going back to the Middle Ages, what allegorical horrors do we not find! Interminable "swevenis"—didactic nightmares peopled by the dim shades of deadly sins and dreary virtues or the informative spirits of Mathematics and Rhetoric. Even the overflowing vivacity of Chaucer could hardly make such abstractions live, and touched by the hand of a Hoccleve or a Hawes these corpses relapsed into a profounder death. The allegorical poem became the allegorical morality play, and it is among these dismal and wearisome productions of the expiring Middle Ages that we come upon one of allegory's great triumphs, "Everyman."

The noble and dignified poem of "Everyman" illustrates all the possibilities of allegory. In a few hundred lines and with no more machinery than half a dozen personified abstractions, the author of "Everyman" did justice to no less a theme than Life and Death. The function of allegory is to represent in a small compass the movement of huge, universal forces. In the hands of the few artists capable of using it, allegory can be made to give effects of extraordinary breadth and splendor. In incapable hands the great universal forces shrink to mere tinkling names.

"Liluli" is a morality play of the war. The war is too large to be painted realistically as a whole. If you wish to represent it as a whole, with all the causes that made it, you must have recourse to allegory. And this is what M. Romain Rolland has done. "Liluli" is an example of allegory at its best.

One must not expect anything especially subtle or new in M. Rolland's play. Boiled down into a leading article, the substance of the play would be quite familiar to anyone with intelligent views about the war. No, the point of "Liluli" is that it presents the ideas with which we are almost too familiar in a new shape, and these ideas, clothed in the forms of art, strike us with renewed force, penetrate as it were at a different angle, impressing the imagination as well as the intellect.

Liluli, who gives her name to the piece, is the goddess of illusion, whose mission in life it is to flutter in front of the young and noble, luring them on to destruction; sometimes she allows herself to be caught, and then she intoxicates their youth with her feminine beauty until she can easily persuade them that the worse is the better cause. Liluli has many friends; there is the goddess Llop'ih, or Opinion, who assists Liluli in her propaganda for the Fat Men against the Thin, for war against peace; there is Maitre-Dieu, in whom we recognize the Emperor William's old ally at Rosbach and our own almighty assistant against the Boers; there is Peace—not the kind of Peace that goes about with an olive branch, of course—but that nobler Armed Peace, the stamp and clank of whose heavy marching shake all the world. Liluli's first triumph is to persuade Altair, the embodiment of youth, that the grotesque procession of Armed Peace is a splendid and heroic pomp, that the ferocious demon Liberty (national liberty), who drives the armed procession with her whip and her shouts of "Liberty or Death," is a goddess of reason, and that Fraternity, who levels everything with senseless shears to mediocrity, is her sister in beauty. And so the gigantic farce goes on. Two neighboring peoples, the Hurluberloches and the Gallipoulets, decide to build a bridge across the ravine that separates them. The gulf is spanned and they are ready to throw themselves into one another's arms when the authorities of the Armed Peace, the diplomats,

the Fat Men, the Intellectuals, justifiably disquieted, take possession of the bridge. The first thing they do is to try if it will bear the weight of a cannon. Then, realizing that their occupation will be gone if they permit the Thin Men to fraternize in this disgraceful way, they concentrate all their forces in the task of making a quarrel between these over-friendly folk. Liluli does prodigies; her sister, Opinion, accompanied by the atavistic beast that lurks in the depths of the human mind, rides, screaming murder and sudden death, over the stage. Maitre-Dieu, leading with him Truth, firmly gagged and bound and her deplorable nakedness sumptuously clothed, Maitre-Dieu, changing, with the rapidity of a music-hall artist, his Gallipoulet uniform for the insignia of a Hurluberlochan field-marshal, passes from one side of the ravine to the other, assuring both parties of his good wishes and firm support.

At last, intoxicated and dizzied by the screaming of Opinion and the loud martial music produced by a massed band of Intellectuals, the two unhappy crowds rush at one another across the bridge. Even Janot and Hansot, the two typical peasants whose sole interest in life is the fruitful earth at their feet, are egged on one against the other. They meet in the middle of the bridge, and urged by their respective backers to conduct themselves like heroes, succeed in pushing each other into the ravine. Finally, there is an immense, appalling crash. The whole stage caves inward on itself, and on the summit of the heap of ruins sits the radiant figure of Liluli with her tongue out and a forefinger laid to the side of her nose. At the bottom of the heap, squashed flat as a pancake, reposes the one person who was not taken in by Liluli and her friends, Polichinello, first cousin to Truth, and whose armor against the attacks of Illusion is mockery and laughter. He alone has seen the madness, folly, and wickedness of the world, and throughout the play he stands apart, like a dissipated Greek chorus, making ironical comment on all that happens. But Polichinello, for all that he is not deceived, is a useless figure; he does nothing to stop the catastrophe. His cousin Truth, freed for a moment from the clutches of Maitre-Dieu, appeals to him for aid. But Polichinello is cautious, and Truth bursts out at him:—

"You laugh and make fun of people, but you do it behind your hand, like a schoolboy. Like your grandfathers, those great Polichinellos, the masters of free irony and laughter, like Erasmus and Voltaire, you're prudent, yes, very prudent. . . . Ah, you don't love Truth; you wouldn't risk a hair of your heads to free me. . . . When will he come, my true lover, that mighty all-conquering spirit of Laughter who will rouse me with his roaring from the dead?"

There is a profound truth in these words. The Erasmuses of this world, however estimable may be their ideas, however clear their vision of the truth, succeed in doing very little. For man is very little moved by reasoning. Erasmus was impotent; it was Luther, passionate and violent, who took the world with him. Europe would probably be a happier place if it had followed Erasmus instead of Luther; but the fact remains, that men will not and cannot follow an Erasmus who does not move them by their passions. The man who will get the world out of its horrible difficulties will have to be a mixture of these two great figures of the Reformation, an Erasmus inspired by the passion and violence of Luther, a Luther possessing the humor, tolerance, and clear sight of Erasmus. He alone will be able to liberate Truth and overcome Liluli with all her allies.

## THE NEW ENGLAND MIND.

"The Education of Henry Adams: An Autobiography." (Constable. 21s. net.)

THE English visitor to Washington, should he reveal any interest in the city beyond the White House, the Capitol, and the clubs, is taken out to the Rock Creek cemetery and invited to give an opinion upon a great and sombre symbolic figure which stands above the Adams tomb. The chances are that he knows nothing of Henry Adams. There are more chances that he will not have heard of Henry Adams's wife, here commemorated by the hand of Augustus St. Gaudens, subtlest and most accomplished of American sculptors. Few among us, unfortunately, read American history, the period between Washington and Lincoln especially. We count it no

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disgrace not to know of the thoroughness with which one historian has illuminated the sixteen years of the Jefferson and Madison administrations. And if we did, we should see no particular reason why such an annalist should possess an interesting personality. But a glance at the work of St. Gaudens would have an effect. It would suggest that the Adams family is at any rate unusual. It might prepare one for the discovery that after reaching his seventieth year Henry Adams wrote a book that may not inaccurately be described: first, as the most distinctive piece of autobiography produced in America, or, maybe, in the English-speaking world, during a generation; secondly, as a quite wonderful revelation of the older mind of New England.

In the historic Congress of 1776, and afterwards, the ablest champion of the Declaration of Independence was John Adams, who became the second President of the United States. His son, John Quincy Adams, was sixth on the great roll. Charles Francis, son of John Quincy, was the American Minister in England during the Civil War. His son, born at Boston in 1838, and dying in 1912, was the Adams of this book. He was not a man of action or affairs. His history—no less completely than that unfolded in, let us say, Newman's "Apologia" or Mark Pattison's "Memoirs"—is a history of mental evolution.

The Adams family is something more than a New England sept. It was more closely and continuously bound up with the national concerns of America than any other of the governing houses, whether of Massachusetts, Virginia, or Pennsylvania. At one period Presidents seemed in danger of becoming a monopoly; and when a family servant remarked that Henry Adams was thinking he himself might one day be President, all he could suppose was that a society which had lasted from Adam would easily outlast one Adams the more.

What that society of proud and rigid New England was we know from the varied personal records that make up so large a part of the vital history of America. The pleasanter chapters of Senator Lodge's "Early Memories," for example, preserve certain of its characteristics. Henry Adams's picture is brilliant and, as the reader feels, of the sharpest accuracy. Massachusetts society was, first of all, English. The true Bostonian, we are told, "always knelt in self-abasement before the majesty of English standards." He was proud of this as his strength. And yet the political consciousness of New England was profoundly anti-English. Its note was "colonial, revolutionary, almost Cromwellian." The Puritan theocracy had undergone a change: it had melted into an intellectual empire which one day will tempt a social historian of the new order into the writing of a masterpiece.

"In uniform excellence of life and character, moral and intellectual," Henry Adams writes, "the score of Unitarian clergymen about Boston, who controlled society and Harvard College, were never excelled." Their security and finality were astounding. "For them, difficulties might be ignored; doubts were waste of thought; nothing exacted solution." In his own circle Henry Adams noted one remarkable result. Religion, as experience, merely ceased to be.

"Of all the conditions of his youth, which afterwards puzzled the grown-up man, this disappearance of religion puzzled him most. The boy went to church twice every Sunday; he was taught to read his Bible, and he learned religious poetry by heart; he believed in a mild deism; he prayed; he went through all the forms; but neither to him nor to his brothers and sisters was religion real. Even the mild discipline of the Unitarian Church was so irksome that they threw it off at the first possible moment, and never afterwards entered a church."

School, we are assured, taught Henry Adams nothing; but from Harvard he carried away two things—self-sufficiency and a scorn of enthusiasm. After Harvard Henry Adams wasted a year in Germany, whither the earnest youth of the mid-century period was steadily directed by Lowell and other teachers. But in Berlin the study of the Civil Law was found to be wholly barren; and neither then nor afterwards could Adams admire, or even tolerate, the German mind and method. It must, however, be admitted that his early aversions were comprehensive. "He disliked most the French mind," he says of the year 1860, whereas his experience as a young man in London produced in him three things, all of which were characteristic of those favored Americans who, during the forty years of the Victorian period before the onrush of the newer wealth and

power, were in a position to enjoy the best of London. He conceived distrust of the English governing groups, a contempt of the English intelligence, and a romantic affection for English people and English life.

Lincoln sent the elder Adams to London on the outbreak of the Civil War. The Cabinet had prepared a pleasing welcome for the new Minister. Before he could arrive at Liverpool, in May, 1861, they had officially recognized the belligerency of the South. Small wonder that on their journey up to London the Adams party seemed to their chronicler, "a family of early Christian martyrs about to be flung into an arena of lions, under the glad eyes of Tiberius Palmerston." From the beginning all that counted in governing England believed that the North was beaten. Adams was made to feel that Europe was merely waiting to see them go. "So certain was the end that no one cared to hurry it." When, after fifty years, he reviewed his father's diplomacy, he could find no fault with it—and, beyond question, the task was appallingly difficult. We in England are more or less familiar with the story as it is told from the standpoint of the Victorian mandarins. Henry Adams traces it through the series of incidents: the Trent affair; the move in the Cabinet, in 1862, for intervention and the recognition of the independence of the Confederacy; Gladstone's Newcastle speech about Jefferson Davis's making a nation; the Alabama, which got away; the ironclad rams of 1863, which did not. The stars in their courses were fighting for Charles Francis Adams. He came to be acknowledged as the leader of Her Majesty's American Opposition. London could not hold out against success.

To begin with, the Legation meant for Henry Adams social ostracism, more terrible than anything he had known. But he passed beyond that. For seven years he observed English society with keen and rather cynical eyes. He takes up the challenge of J. L. Motley's generous praise of mid-Victorian England as affording "the perfection of human society." Henry James ten years later agreed with Motley. Adams confesses inability to see what standard this tribute implies. He is sure it could not be taste or manners. "The manners of English society were notorious, and the taste was worse." He would not admit that these marvellously privileged beings had mastered the art of living. Their domestic interiors provoked him to scorn:—

"Nothing could be worse than the toilettes at Court, unless it was the way they were worn. One's eyes might be dazzled by jewels, but they were heirlooms; and if any lady appeared well-dressed, she was either a foreigner or 'fast.' Fashion was not fashionable in London until the Americans and the Jews were let loose. The style of London toilette universal in 1864 was grotesque, like Monckton Milnes on horseback in Rotten Row."

Adams saw the dominant personalities of English public life simply as extravagant eccentrics—which was precisely the judgment that the British observer would have formed of the corresponding eminences in Washington. It was, of course, unfortunate that "the professional eccentrics"—Russell, Gladstone, Shaftesbury, and the rest—were all for the South. Adams awoke with a shock to the knowledge that the English governing classes had a liking for rebellion—at a safe distance. But he delighted in Cobden and Bright, whom he was not tempted to call eccentric.

He insists that our country did next to nothing for him. "England was a social kingdom whose coinage had no currency elsewhere." But all this did not diminish his devotion. London, far more than Washington, infinitely more than Boston (which, he found, like all America, had come to mean business) was and remained his spiritual home. No pages in the book are more delightful than those that tell of the English houses in which he was welcome. And in his gallery of portraits, rather curiously, there is nothing quite so good as his picture of the flashing apparition of the young Swinburne in the 'sixties.

After 1868, when his father left the Legation, Adams tried journalism, though not as a career. He taught history at Harvard, and tells us that he failed. Thereafter the story jumps twenty years. His emotional life is not set down. We are given no hint of the experience that was crowned by the figure at Rock Creek. Instead, we have an attractive account of a group friendship, with John Hay at Washington as its centre. Adams was outside the Republican Party, notwithstanding his Massachusetts ancestry. The Republicans, particularly the men around McKinley, were, as he



saw it, leading the country into the meshes of a bankers' universe. This kept him apart, leaving him a detached observer of even his friend Hay's international policy, of which he gives a brilliant interpretation. Thus, he writes of the gold-standard issue of 1893-6:—

"All one's friends, all one's best citizens, reformers, churches, colleges, educated classes, had joined the banks to force submission to capitalism: a submission long foreseen by the mere law of mass. Of all forms of society or government, this was the one he liked least."

From first to last, you are tempted to say, Henry Adams changes little. To the end he is a child of the eighteenth century trying in vain to use the tools of the twentieth. And yet, none the less, his mind continues open, critical, adventurous. You would find it hard to name among his contemporaries anyone who voyaged with a keener zest over the seas of thought—or, as he prefers to put it, so persistently started his education over again. Always his intelligence reacts to every strong new challenge. The Chicago World's Fair of 1893 and the Paris Exposition of 1900 break upon him with a terrific revelation. He sees "lines of force all about him, where he had always seen lines of will." The modern world is symbolized in the dynamo. Yet every fresh excursion of his into the past of Europe makes him realize anew the startling persistence of that other Force, which has shaped the religious and social life of the elder world. Hence he constructs an ambitious chapter on the conflict between old and new, contrasted as the Dynamo and the Virgin. He sees the rise of modern Germany and does not misread its significance. And, with an odd prescience of our present prison-house, he finds the Rhine to be more modern than the Hudson, since it produced far more coal; for he sees—and from Cologne, as it happened—how "one great empire was ruled by one great emperor—Coal." Alone among the older workers of his craft in America, Henry Adams pursued a dynamic theory of history. And only once, amid the confusions of the later stage, does he label himself—as "a conservative Christian Anarchist."

#### LIBERTY AND LAW.

"Authority in the Modern State." By HAROLD J. LASKI (Yale University Press, \$3.00; Oxford University Press, 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS book is as admirable as it is unusual. The title might lead the experienced reader to expect yet one more discussion of Hegel, either as the last perfection of the best tradition, or as the inspirer of Bernhardt and Ludendorff. One embarks upon a new book on political theory hardly hoping to find one idea, from cover to cover, that is not expressed in very similar language in many other recent volumes. But Mr. Laski does not repeat what others have said. He shows originality, not so much, perhaps, in his conclusions, as in his choice of material for illustrating them and in his manner of approach to them. His subject is wider than his title, since about half the book is concerned with authority in the Church. We infer, perhaps mistakenly, that Mr. Laski has at least skirted a phase of Liberal Catholicism; he has still a very living interest in such men as Dollinger and Father Tyrell, and one feels that if the Church had been able to tolerate them he would have been able to tolerate the Church. His knowledge of France, at any rate since the Revolution, is singularly intimate. We perceive in the nature of his knowledge the influence of the Harvard Law School and of New College, Oxford. His manner is academic and learned, his appeal very sober and scholarly; but beneath this disguise we discover the opinions of a Guild Socialist, almost (where France is concerned) of a Syndicalist. He has the art of making these opinions seem (as indeed they are) the most reasonable and sensible imaginable, and such as would naturally result from any unbiassed study of the facts. For this he deserves our gratitude.

It is natural for the holders of power to build up some theory of divine right, or to acquiesce in such a theory where they find it already in existence. A traditional Government, such as that of England before the Civil War or France before the Revolution, can dispense with explicit philosophy and rely upon custom to cause acceptance of its divine authority. But when revolution has intervened, the

subsequent rulers need some subtlety to show that, though resistance was right once, it is impossible that it should ever be right again. To produce the necessary subtlety is the business of philosophers—at least of that large majority who are willing to flatter the powers that be. Hobbes and Hegel, each in his day, performed this task satisfactorily. In our day, it is the divine right of majorities, or rather of representative assemblies, that is most often invoked to justify persecution, oppression, and war. But is there any mechanical formula, whether majority-rule or some other, by which we can discover where the right lies, regardless of private judgment and the deliberate resistance which it may provoke? Only a pedant or a tyrant can believe in the existence of any such formula.

"How are we," says Mr. Laski, "save by individual judgment, to tell if the State-act is in truth the adequate expression of right purpose? Rousseau resolved the difficulty by making his State call frequent meetings of its citizens and assuming rightness where moral unanimity was secured. Yet there are few who have lived through this age of blood and iron who will be willing to attribute infallibility even to an unanimous people."

Unlike the bulk of academic theorists, Mr. Laski never forgets the real issues by which a political doctrine is to be judged.

"When we accept," he says, "the idea of the State as an organism, what is emphasized is subjection of its parts to the welfare of the whole. But, in sober fact, the welfare of the State means nothing if it does not mean the concrete happiness of its living members."

Such a remark ought to be a truism, but nine-tenths of political theory ignores it. Mr. Laski proceeds to point out that any sufficiently large group within the State will refuse to obey laws which infringe what it regards as its legitimate claims; he gives as instances (among others) Ulster and the Conscientious Objectors. Consequently "government dare not range over the whole area of human life." The problem thus arises: What are the matters with which the State ought not to meddle? The answer will vary from age to age and from country to country. "Each generation will have certain things it prizes as supremely good and will demand that these, above all, should be free." As the very first of such things Mr. Laski instances "the free exercise of men's minds."

"The only permanent safeguard of democratic government is that the unchanging and ultimate sanction of intellectual decision should be the conscience. We have here, that is to say, a realm within which the State can have no rights and where it is well that it should have none. . . . The greatest contribution that a citizen can make to the State is certainly this, that he should allow his mind freely to exercise itself upon its problems. Where the conscience of the individual is concerned, the State must abate its demands; for no mind is in truth free once a penalty is attached to thought."

Six years ago this view had become an accepted commonplace. In the intervening period the expression of it has been criminal in almost all parts of the civilized world. The doctrine of State omnipotence reached amazing heights during the war, and there is little to show that revolution, whether in Russia or in Germany, has done much to abate its virulence. It is a formidable menace to progress, and difficult to combat, since it is necessarily agreeable to every successful politician. It is said, of course, by those who prosper under the existing régime, that all resistance to government involves anarchy. The reply—which is essentially that made by Mr. Laski—is that every community is at every moment exposed to many dangers, of which anarchy is only one: others, equally real, are stagnation and despotism. A political system which takes account of only one danger, and sets to work to achieve perfect security against that one, is certain to incur the antithetical disaster. A little anarchy may be preferable to a great deal of despotism: the resistance of Parliament to Charles I. was better than perpetual absolute monarchy. The pursuit of complete security is at all times a snare, into which only those fall whose vision is limited to a small section of the possible dangers. Societies, like individuals, must run risks if they are to achieve anything valuable; and the risk of anarchy is worth running for the sake of liberty.

But in truth the risk, though it exists, is much less serious than many timid fire-eaters suppose.

"It needs," Mr. Laski says truly, "some vivid action to stimulate to resistance a body of men large enough to make



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its presence felt in the State. We probably tend seriously to underrate the effort that is needed to embark upon such resistance. Certainly the remark may be hazarded that it is never aroused without deep causes to which attention must be paid."

The outcome of Mr Laski's discussion, so far as the legitimacy of resistance to authority is concerned, is something not very different, practically, from the old doctrine of natural rights, though not open to the same theoretical criticisms. The welfare of the community, not of any one individual, is the end, but this end cannot be secured if no respect is paid to what is essential to the proper activities of individuals.

"This theory of internal limitation upon the action of authority is essentially a pragmatic one. It admits that any system which failed in practice to secure what is largely termed the end of social life would be inadequate. It is sufficiently alive to the importance of stability to seek to place the fundamental notions of each age beyond the temptation of malicious enterprize. It is such notions that we have termed rights. It is such notions that we have denied the power, at least in theory, of the State to traverse. For we say that their realization is essential to the end of the State; and government is itself only a means to that end."

In the modern world it is not chiefly individuals that require freedom: the chief need is freedom for groups associated, not geographically, but by common purposes. This leads to a discussion of trade unions, religious bodies, and French Civil Servants in their struggle to be allowed the ordinary rights of combination in spite of the assumed impeccability of their employer the State. "The essence of free government," says Mr. Laski, "is the democratization of responsibility"; and on this ground among others he advocates a large measure of autonomy for various groups within the State. He deals admirably with the legal aspects of the theory that the Government can do no wrong, and it is refreshing to observe the frankness with which he dismisses decisions of the Supreme Court or the House of Lords as bad law inspired by class bias—an obvious fact, but one which it is still considered decent to ignore.

The central portion of the book, which deals successively with Bonald, Lamennais, and Royer-Collard, has much less present interest than the first and last chapters, and no very intimate connection with the question of authority in the State, except as showing the evils which have resulted from papal authority in the Catholic Church. There are a quite extraordinary number of misprints, as in many other recent books printed in America. It is a pity that Mr. Laski, in spite of his time at Oxford, has not acquired lucidity of style; we may instance the sentence: "He urged nothing that history, if it did not falsify, at any rate failed to respect." But this is a minor blemish in an otherwise admirable book. It is a book dominated by present facts, not by past theories, in spite of the author's intimate acquaintance with previous writers. We find ourselves in complete agreement with his main thesis, which may be summarized by a quotation from his last page:—

"The real danger in any society is lest decision on great events secure only the passive concurrence of the mass of men. It is only by intensifying the active participation of men in the business of government that liberty can be made secure. For there is a poison in power against which even the greatest of nations must be on its guard. The temptation demands resistances; and the solution is to deprive the State of any priority not fully won by performance."

#### THE SNARES OF COMMONPLACE.

"The Advance of the English Novel." By W. L. PHELPS (Murray. 7s. 6d. net)

DR. PHELPS is Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale University, and it has been his object in writing this book to "present the material in an interesting, entertaining style for the pleasure as well as for the enlightenment of the reader." In other words, he has written an ill-jointed collection of jaunty commonplaces, and the instruction to the reader proceeds not so much from Dr. Phelps's critical communications to us as from an examination of the fallacies latent in commonplace itself. The last thing that a truism illustrates is truth, and the most obvious judgment of a thing is the least intimate and trustworthy. There is no

doubt that a great deal of modern "intellectual" criticism is an effort to avoid the obvious, not to find the truth, because the emphasis is not upon the object but the average things that have been said about it. This kind of criticism is only the obverse of commonplace thinking, just as formality is the obverse of formlessness, luxury of indigence, agnosticism of pietism, &c. Dr. Phelps's book really illustrates a reaction against a reaction, but the wheel only turns in its own vicious circle. It revolves within its own orbit, but does not move an inch along the road.

It is well to take "The Advance of the English Novel" in detail, in order to follow out how treacherous is the broad and easy highroad. Dr. Phelps would have us believe in common with the text-books that the actual novel-form and the age of Queen Anne are synonymous. But quite apart from the picaresque, pastoral, and autobiographical experiments of the Elizabethans, is not "Pilgrim's Progress" a novel, and highly developed at that? And what does the author mean by describing the eighteenth century as "a reaction against the Puritan religious excesses of the imagination"? The Puritans were the enemies of imagination, and the rather smug, prudish tone of Augustan literature reacts from the Restoration vengery. It is indeed astonishing that a Professor of English Literature should appear to treat all pre-Anne literary history as a kind of barbaric yawp. Had he respected it a little more, he would not perhaps have omitted Overbury from his list of "Character Books," which helped, he says, to father the novel, whereas they were really the ancestors of the periodic essay, itself the ancestor of modern journalism. Nor in his chapter on Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne do we follow Dr. Phelps's comfortable generalization upon works of genius which are instantly acceptable to uneducated people. The boot is so much on the other foot that it is rare to find any great artist who has converted the contemporary multitude to accepting him. Besides, the eighteenth century audience was highly, if narrowly, educated. Then again, it may be simply temperament which makes a man prefer Richardson to Fielding, but to dismiss the latter's masterly prefaces as tedious and irrelevant—this is the professor trying to see with the eyes of the man-in-the-street. We look too in vain for a mention of Jonathan Wild, a masterpiece whose massive and at the same time delicate satiric power has literally no rival outside its own peculiar quality. After this, Dr. Phelps jogs on through the Gothic revival (where the "cruel soft hearts," as Mr. Shaw calls them, have it all their own way), Scott and Jane Austen to Dickens and Thackeray. The reader jogs too, for there is hardly anything to detain him in a sketchy, guide-book kind of style, of which the following extract is a very fair sample:—

"He (Thackeray) walked the garden of this world and his novels—except 'Esmond'—are gigantic commentaries on what he saw."

But he keeps his critical nag from falling on its knees—until he reaches "Wuthering Heights." What he means by calling that strange and terrible book one that "has at any rate the strength of delirium" we cannot guess. If it were delirious it could not be strong, and if it were strong it could not be delirious. And "Wuthering Heights" is neither strong nor delirious. It is desolation. Such blunted criticism helps us to understand the naiveté of the following remark: "It is clear that there must be something besides cleverness, even diabolical cleverness, to win anything like permanent fame." Yes, there happens to be truth, the truth, say, of Henry James's "Turn of the Screw," which Dr. Phelps, to our bewilderment, calls "the wildest romanticism in a realistic setting." How meaningless these little labels for stuffed specimens are before the living work of art!

Dr. Phelps's analysis of more or less contemporary fiction is readable enough, provided that we keep on saying: "Lap me in soft Lydian airs." And his straightforward way of calling a book dull, if he thinks so (whether it be dull in reality or dull in normal estimation or no), is pleasing. But the illusion is constantly broken by discords. What sort of an estimate is it of Hardy's genius, for instance, which has not a word to say of "The Mayor of Casterbridge," the most epical and the most architecturally perfect of all the novels? Or of Meredith's, which takes him seriously in his worst moments? Dr. Phelps quotes with approval:—

"I am every morning on the top of Box Hill—as its flower, its bird, its prophet. I drop down the moon on one

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A DEAD HEAT

## APHORISTIC LAUGHTER.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

FOR years I have suffered from the affliction of telling the truth. Convalescence is pleasant.

In some matters men are always babies. This accounts for the belief in the maternal instinct.

I am not inclined to believe that every woman is at heart a—deceiver. She only thinks that every other woman is.

A man must be very adventurous to tell the truth. To tell the truth a woman must be very plain—thus she has no necessity for falsity, and makes a virtue of necessity.

A charming young person recently told me that she disagreed with all my ideas. But she was careful to leave me no alternatives. Antagonism is intoxicating.

Idealism is a splendid emotion for solitude. To share is to dispel illusion.

Most women expect the earth. Why do they not realise the fortune of an occasional fragment of heaven?

Women are perfect actresses. So it is natural they should love the theatre where they are amused by the unnatural misrepresentation of themselves.

The average musical comedy is an unmusical tragedy of stupidity and cupidity.

Profiteering is now a necessary vice. One must profiteer to pay the other profiteers and meet the Income Tax collector without a blush.

Old men are either fools or cynics. I have not met many cynics.

If the fatuous old men only knew what the flatterers really think of them the churches would be fuller of old men.

• • •

In the Press Club recently some complimentary allusions were made to Pope and Bradley's advertisements, but it was agreed they had no commercial value. This gave me a fine feeling of altruism, but my Chartered Accountants and the Inland Revenue brought me to earth.

My accountants tell me coldly that since I originated this business, and in my spare time wrote occasional commercial philosophies, the result has been—Increase in 1909 on 1903, 500 per cent. Increase in 1919 on 1903, 5,000 per cent. It really does seem quite a lot.

Figures are fascinating. They are the only fascinating things that do not lie.

• • •

Having become mathematical in my laughter, I may mention that the charges of this House have not yet reached the heights of giddy Bolshevism. Lounge Suits, from £9 9s. Dinner Suits, from £12 12s. Overcoats, from £10 10s. Riding Breeches, from £5 15s. 6d.

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side, I draw up the sun on t'other. I breathe fine air. I shout ha ha to the gates of the world. Then I descend and know myself a donkey for doing it."

Hardly the honest donkey so much as the literary pretender. And to say of one of the earliest advocates of conscription that he glorified "the instincts of the heart at the expense of law and order, and the liberty of the individual above all discipline" is about as acute as calling Shelley an ineffectual angel, or Sir James Barrie "the greatest, most profound, most original dramatist of our time." Indeed, Dr. Phelps's choice and treatment of modern novelists merely leave us with our mouth open. For a professor of English literature to devote four and a-half pages to an unreserved appreciation of Mr. W. J. Locke and to leave Mr. Charles Marriott, Miss Delafield, Mr. Belloc, and Mr. E. M. Forster without so much as a casual mention—well, it is either silly or scandalous. We can understand a profound critic ignoring a society novelist like Mr. Walpole whether he be in the public eye or not. But these others embody some of the best thought of the time, however much Mr. Belloc may have gone astray since his earlier satiric work. There is a certain buoyancy and vigor in Dr. Phelps's hurried commonplaceness, but there is little more searching, original, or revealing criticism in his book than in the remark of Mr. Ervine's he quotes on Henry James: "I cannot read the works of Henry James. He seems to me to spend half a lifetime in saying 'Boo' to a goose." The book is not on that level of foolishness, but it is in that notation.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Commercial Forestry in Britain." By E. P. STEBBING. (Murray. 6s.)

Nor many people in this country thought of forests as an economic factor in national well-being. Woodlands denuded during the war are now convincing us of the utility—if nothing else—of tree planting. Mr. Stebbing, who is head of the Forestry Department in Edinburgh University, gives a history of forestry in Great Britain from Roman times, dwelling particularly on the devastation of the woods during the Civil War, which was checked at length by John Evelyn's warning in "Sylva," in which all proprietors were earnestly exhorted to plant trees. Evelyn and the Royal Society succeeded in arousing the nation, and a hundred years later the fact that there was sufficient timber for the construction of the Navy's ships was publicly acknowledged to be due to the planting undertaken in the reign of Charles II. It is equally certain, says Mr. Stebbing, that most, if not all, of the British ships which fought at Trafalgar were built of timber planted at the revival period dating from the publication of the "Sylva." Followed another long desuetude. There was some revival towards the end of the nineteenth century, and a few years before the war Commissions and Committees were appointed, but their reports did not result in a single tree being planted. Nobody has any doubt of the necessity of making a start now, and Mr. Stebbing's book is a valuable guide to the ways and means of establishing afforestation as a branch of agriculture. He does not favor State ownership, but asks for State assistance to private enterprise.

"Antique Jewellery and Trinkets." By FRED. W. BURGESS. (Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a continuation of the "Home Connoisseur Series," the two preceding volumes having been "Antique Furniture" and "Old Pottery and Porcelain." A book on jewellery is bound to be a little less interesting, since it is not associated with daily use. Nevertheless, Mr. Burgess's book is a business-like piece of work, well fortified by the illustrations. His survey is not confined to European civilization, but includes Greek, Etruscan, Phœnician, Egyptian and Assyrian. Personally, we find the historical associations of less intrinsic interest than the details of craftsmanship. One may know nothing about jewellery, but craftsmanship is somehow so absorbing in itself that the ignorant are captivated no less than the learned. So we follow Mr. Burgess's clear and

concise account of cameos, enamels, rings, beads, necklaces, fibulae, bracelets, earrings, chatelaines, pendants, fans, amulets, mosaics, &c., without weariness. Mr. Burgess not only knows a great deal, but how to use his knowledge.

\* \* \*

"The Boy who did Grow Up." By NEWMAN FLOWER. With a foreword by J. M. BARRIE. (Cassell.)

WHEN Mr. Flower keeps to the business in hand—describing the salving of life by the Barnardo Institute—he performs a useful task adequately. When he makes a self-conscious effort to be effective he is more likely to create feelings of amusement than of pity and indignation. His last chapter reads like a parody of the manner of Mr. H. G. Wells, with the thought left out. This is a pity, because Mr. Flower has some serious suggestions to make. He understands that the necessity of Dr. Barnardo's work is in itself an indictment of society, and he pleads for an adequate housing scheme which will clean out slumdom from town and village. The wise system of training in the Homes and the effort to bring happiness to the children who come into their fold have never been more fully described. Every statesman should be compelled by law, says Sir J. M. Barrie, to familiarize himself with Barnardo's work.

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"Things Big and Little." By GILBERT THOMAS. (Chapman & Hall. 5s. net.)

THE type of small personal essay, of which this volume is an average example, has worn a little thin of late years. Not that Mr. Thomas is not good reading. He writes correct English and discourses about "Minor Inconveniences," "Prayer," "On Finishing a Book" (the best), "On Silence," "A Holiday Reflection," &c., adequately enough. These little dexterities, pleasantries, and confidences are very well in their way.

### The Week in the City.

THE London newspapers are now beginning to fulminate against the orgy of official extravagance; but Parliament seems at last to be forcing the Government along the path of retrenchment. Whether Mr. Churchill's promises of economy will ever be made good remains to be seen. But the City finds some comfort in the new tone of the newspapers, and this week it has begun to feel easier about the Labor situation. The miners seem likely to return to work, and the attitude of the triple alliance is less threatening. Under these influences, gilt-edged securities have been firmer, and on Wednesday Consols got back to 52. The exchanges have been fluctuating, and New York rate is about 4.32 dollars per pound sterling. The good news from the Yorkshire coalfields has encouraged the home railway market, and the improved prospects in coal have caused a recession in oil shares. The present state of the floating debt, now that the new Loan has been gathered in, is deplorable. Ways and Means advances amount to 412 millions, and outstanding Treasury Bills to 771 millions. Mr. Lloyd George's announcement as to the Trade Policy concerning embargoes and licences for imports is expected on Monday, and is anxiously awaited by the profiteers and their victims.

#### WARING & GILLOW.

The first report issued by Waring & Gillow, the well-known Oxford Street firm, since 1916, has recently appeared, and covers the company's operations for the three years ended January 31st last. After charging for amortization of leases there is a balance of profit for the period of £1,194,200, an average of just under £400,000, which compares with £100,900 for the year ended January 31st, 1916. The report states that apart from a large amount of Government work, the general business showed considerable expansion. After meeting debenture service, £90,000, and including £15,300 brought forward from the previous accounts, there was an available balance of £1,119,500. A sum of £42,500 was written off the balance of discount and underwriting commission, and £135,000 is required for three years' preference dividend, leaving the dividend for the thirteen months ended January 31st, 1915, still unpaid, the amount remaining being £942,000, which is to be carried forward, subject to Excess Profits Duty, estimated at £880,000. The company has thus not earned much more than sufficient to meet the preference dividend, and with the cessation of Government contracts, the outlook is not particularly bright. Goodwill stands in the balance sheet at £500,000, or exactly one-half of the share capital.

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